# The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1931


## TOPICS OF THE DAY

### Is It "The Turn"?

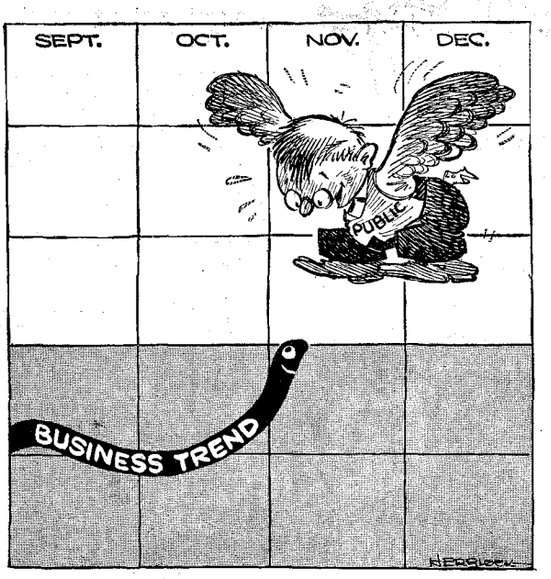
THIS IS THE QUESTION being asked on every hand. A few weeks ago some small hopeful signs appeared on the business horizon, but these, as *The Commercial West* (Minneapolis) recalls, "made little impression upon the dense cloud banks of gloom that engulfed the country."

Then came wheat's spectacular recovery, followed by rising prices for corn and oats and rye, for silver and cotton and rubber and hides.

In Wall Street the stock market felt the impulse, and the prices of both foreign and domestic bonds went up. And so, to quote again the words of the Minneapolis weekly, "overnight long-faced, dour pessimism began to disappear as the mists before the morning's sun."

And yet there is no such thing as certainty. There may be minor or major reactions in securities and commodities.

In general, two risks always confront the business forecaster—he may be fooled into thinking that one early swallow has brought summer, or he may fail to recognize those first slight infallible signs of spring. And so we have a natural mixture of caution and confidence.




Heh! Heh! The Worm Turns

—Herblock in the Chicago "Daily News."

SPEAKING of confidence, the Washington *Post* can see no doubt whatever about the country being on the up-grade as it notes the actual plus signs that are being recorded in the business reports. Why, in one single day, this editor in the national capital finds reported from New York recoveries in stock and bond prices, net gains instead of losses in our gold supply, and improvement in retail sales. In Detroit activity appears in tool-making in preparation for the new automobile models. Improvement is seen in all lines in Dallas, due to better oil and wheat prices. Fort Worth tells of $13,189,850 added in one week to the monthly income of oil-producers in Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and New Mexico. Increased demand for such diverse products as anthracite and silk add to the earnings of thousands of workers in and around Scranton, Pennsylvania. Charleston and Atlanta call attention to reviving confidence in the agricultural Southeast. Reports of improvement on the Pacific coast come from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Chicago and Minneapolis insist on the growing prosperity of the farmers. And so it goes. Such "extensive evidence of better conditions can not be disputed," declares the editor.

With the rise in prices there is undoubtedly a better feeling in business circles, reports *The American Banker*, altho—

"There was little change in industrial and corporation reports. Results of third-quarter operations in steel, automobile manufacturing, oil refining and marketing, and other industries were disappointing, while September income on the railroads was 45 per cent. under that of the same month last year.

"Reports to Dun's and Bradstreet's show 'more genuine optimism' than has been seen in 'some time.' Optimism radiates chiefly from the interior and southwestern sections of the country, and arises chiefly from the spurt in prices of wheat and oil."

But it is far broader as *The Commercial West* sees it—

"The great Northwest, the great Southwest, the Middle West, the South, and the Pacific Coast are rallying to the call of better prices.

"Business activity has increased in all these areas, and the industrial East now has its ear down to the ground and is beginning to take heart.

"The new order of things has permeated the whole world. Stock exchanges in New York, London, Berlin, Paris, Stockholm reflect the change in higher prices and increased trading. England gives good promise of getting back on its feet. France and Germany are getting together."

WITH the National Credit Corporation swinging into action, "alarmism" is visibly in retreat, says *The Wall Street Journal*. In the corn belt the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* has no doubt at all about the fact that "the tide has turned toward improvement."

More cautious, as befits a Missouri paper, the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* suggests that "it might be too optimistic to say that the depression has run its course, still—the dark and gloomy prophets who are certain that the present economic order had gone to smash, have pretty well subsided of late, and the under current of confidence recently discernible takes on increasing velocity."

THE difficult question, reflects the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot*, is how securely this new feeling is based—

"Obviously no one can tell at the moment.

"The fundamental indices of business have not yet shown any appreciable change. Nor is there any noticeable improvement in the situation in many foreign countries upon which the United States has to depend for its export trade. That is particularly true of South America, large parts of Asia, and many European countries.

"Until there is more buying power abroad, it is difficult to see how conditions here can show the improvement which has been sought for months, and it is quite possible that buying power abroad depends in turn upon the adjustment or removal of such disturbing factors as war debts, reparations, and tariffs. In this international field a great deal remains to be done.

"Nevertheless, the domestic improvement is sufficient to be welcomed as at least more logical than some of the earlier and

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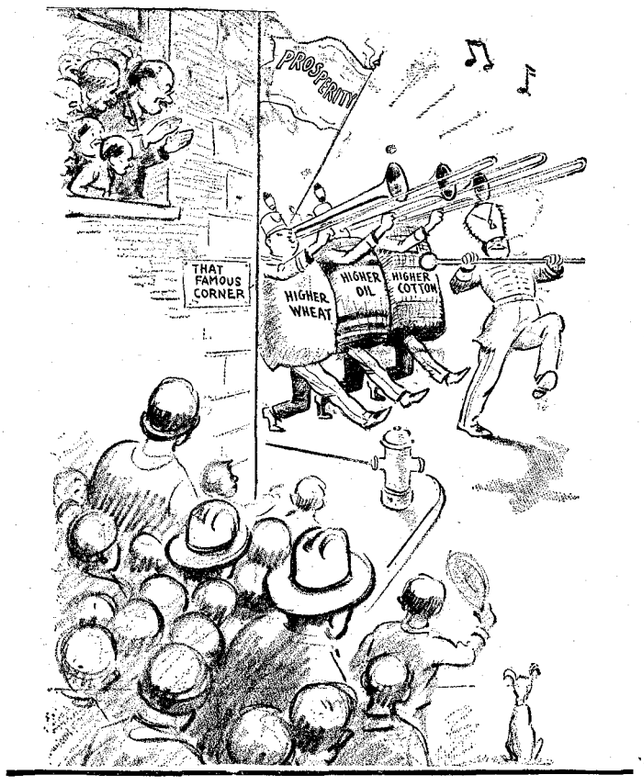
abortive suggestions of change. In the midst of a great deal that is not pleasing, there is no point to minimizing definite and tangible developments that give reasonable ground for encouragement."

So wide-spread is the new feeling of optimism that several writers are fearful lest it be overdone. "Extravagant hopes and spasmodic activities are almost certain to produce a reactionary revulsion of public sentiment damaging to confidence in the future," the New York *Journal of Commerce* warns us. It is a very general conclusion in the metropolitan financial district, reports Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, "that in the long run much more harm than good is done by overemphasizing signs of business improvement." The one big fact, of course, he continues, is the advance in the prices of commodities, notably wheat, corn, cotton, and silver. "These advances have been interpreted by the more optimistic members of the financial community as marking a distinct turn in the position of the agricultural regions, and it is maintained that this improvement will be reflected throughout the whole economic organization in a short while." But there is another side of it, Mr. Robey is careful to point out:




The Parade Is Turning the Corner

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

"Less optimistic students maintain that the great increase in commodity prices has not been entirely free from artificial support.

"They believe, accordingly, that the prices must give way to some extent in the near future, and that this will serve as a blow to the feeling of confidence which has been created.

"It should be emphasized that these students do not doubt the significance of an increase in commodity prices. On the contrary, most of them stress it as essential for any extensive business improvement, but at the same time it is contended that neither an increase artificially brought about, nor a too rapid upward movement is healthy in the long run."

And this financial writer can not help feeling that "of these two points of view the latter appears much the sounder":

"Business prosperity in this country can not come overnight, and regardless of the advance in commodity prices, and without minimizing its importance, it must be recognized as only one factor.

"We still have a long way to go before there is any genuine prosperity in this country.

"The way to hasten a return of prosperity to-day is to keep the actual situation clearly in mind. By doing this we will move ahead much more rapidly than by stressing superficial reports which imply that a state of great prosperity is a matter of only a few weeks."

And then the idea that rising wheat prices necessarily add millions and millions to the buying power of the farmers is scouted by several. Out of a total wheat crop of 884,000,000 bushels, more than half has been sold, and much of the remainder has been fed to stock or is needed for seeding, notes the Milwaukee *Journal*, and "it is estimated that only about 100,000,000 bushels of free grain can still be in farm granaries to be sold on the rising market." Then who will benefit by this rise in wheat? Answers the Wisconsin daily: "The Farm Board, with its big holdings, the speculators who guess right, the millers who bought vast quantities at low prices, and those farmers whose crops luckily were stored in cooperative elevators." Or, as Senator Gerald P. Nye (Rep., S. D.) puts it in a statement given to the International News Service: "If the wheat-farmers of America could all have been Arthur Cuttens and in position to hold the grain which was theirs through and beyond the harvesting season, there would be cause for great rejoicing in this sudden rise of wheat prices." And Senator Nye is by no means convinced that the sudden upturn of wheat is a simple operation of "the natural law of supply and demand." He thinks "it is altogether too jerky and altogether too mechanical to be credited with being natural."

But suppose we give the optimists a few final words in rebuttal. The overcautious doubters may be simply betraying their ignorance of the past, reflects Alexander Dana Noyes, financial editor of the New York *Times*. He proceeds to dig into his own knowledge of financial history:

"Our chapters of hard times and financial pessimism in the longer past invariably came to an end in just this way, and with just this unexpected suddenness. When that happened, there was always the same undercurrent of obstinate belief that the reversal of economic form meant nothing, that we should presently be more hopeless than before.

"There has been no abrupt pouring-in of orders upon our manufacturers, no speeding-up of railway traffic, no uprush of prices for what the Labor Bureau classifies as 'non-agricultural commodities' and 'finished goods.' Yet this, too, is in line with older precedent. The crisis of 1921 was passed in June; but in January, 1922, steel output and car loadings had not yet struggled back to the very low figures of a year before. In the first three months of 1915, when all markets were rising on knowledge of the impending 'war orders,' the Steel Corporation barely earned fixt charges. On the very eve of the great rise in wheat and return of prosperity in 1897, average prices touched the low level of the century, and railways with $1,000,000,000 stocks and bonds were sold under foreclosure.

"A few highly essential facts stand out in the present situation.

"The utterly abnormal price of wheat, a month ago, had not only paralyzed buying power in a great part of the United States but had crippled foreign countries and deprived them of power to meet external debts. It had contributed to the fit of blind terror which pervaded financial minds.

"That influence for overhanging dread is gone. With it has gone the fear that, somehow, our own financial structure would break down with the huge requisitions on our gold.

"Our gold exports probably, and the Reserve banks' attitude toward them certainly, have been the means of allaying Europe's panic and of ending apprehension that the world was caught in economic machinery running wild.

"To what extent confidence turned, the exceptionally rapid recovery in home and foreign bonds is witness. At least the psychology of the situation has been reversed completely. Whether the sequel is to be sustained recovery in the entire field of trade and industry, we shall learn in the next few months."

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# President Hoover's "Acquittal"

"WHITEWASH!"

That's the retort, at least, made by a large section of the opposition press to the findings of President Hoover's "judge-jury-prosecutor" committee in his battle with the Navy League.

This "hand-picked jury," named to examine the League's criticism of the President's conduct of naval policy, "finds in his favor under circumstances that reflect upon the intelligence of the public, violate its sense of fair play, and make a fearless Congressional investigation of this vital matter more imperative than ever."

Thus the New York *American* of the Hearst press thunders its criticism of the President and of the committee of five he named to demonstrate "the untruths and distortions of fact" in the charges made by William Howard Gardiner, President of the Navy League.

But another large section of the press holds opposite views.

"Vindication of the President is complete," declares the Grand Rapids *Herald* (Ind. Rep.), and the Providence *Journal* (Ind.) adds that "doubtless the vast majority of the American people share the satisfaction he must feel in the rendering of such a verdict."

But the verdict, instead of quenching the fires of controversy, seems to have fanned them higher. And the probable upshot of it all, we read, will be an investigation by Congress.

The Hoover-Navy League war broke out, as related in our last issue, when Mr. Gardiner, aroused by the President's insistence upon naval economies, issued a statement picturing him as yielding to other nations in his desire to reduce armaments, and accusing him of "abysmal ignorance" of naval affairs and of "starving the Navy."

Stung into action, the President immediately appointed a committee of five—three of them members of the Navy League—to demonstrate "the untruths and distortions of fact" and then, he said, he would expect Mr. Gardiner to apologize.

Taking the succeeding incidents in the dispute chronologically:

Far from repudiating Mr. Gardiner, the executive committee of the Navy League, voting seven to one, affirmed its faith "in the statements by the League's officials" and welcomed "any impartial and comprehensive investigation which will throw much-needed light on the present conduct of American naval policy."

Two days later came the expected "acquittal" of the President, as some papers call it. The committee of five, headed by John Hays Hammond, after meeting in secret, and hearing no witnesses, swiftly compiled a 10,000-word report, which, as the accompanying letter points out—

"Clearly shows that Mr. Gardiner's statement contains many inaccuracies, false assertions, and erroneous conclusions, and his assumption as to the President's attitude toward the Navy is wholly unwarranted."

"SPECIFICALLY," writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, "the committee report denied that"—

"1. President Hoover had entered into any 'secret agreements' with Ramsay MacDonald prior to the London treaty while the two officials were conferring here.

"2. That the Administration had refused to let an executive committee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations see the full record of the negotiations and possible commitments preparatory to the London naval treaty.

"3. President Hoover in 1929 had held up the construction of five cruisers pending the outcome of the London conference. The committee said only three cruisers had been held up.

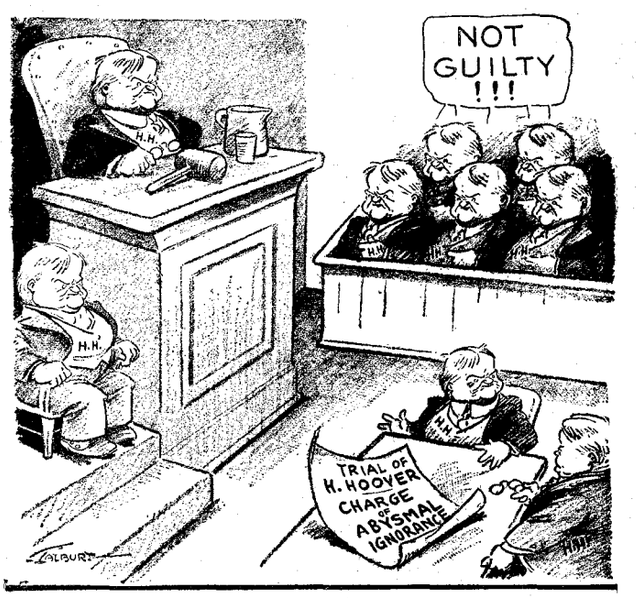
"4. That President Hoover, in accepting the League of Nations proposal for a one-year naval-building truce, had intended to surrender American rights to build up to treaty strength or to stop construction of any eight-inch-gun cruisers or other vessels under construction.

"5. That the President's economy program would impair naval efficiency despite the fact it reduced personnel and warships in full commission."

BUT those findings wrung no apology from Mr. Gardiner. Instead, he issued another pamphlet containing ex-President Coolidge's 1928 Armistice Day address, in which he said that "a country which makes reasonable preparation for defense is less likely to be the subject of hostile attack" than a country unprepared.

Furthermore, we read, the Navy League began considering a reply to the Hoover committee's report.

This Hoover-Navy League battle "is so inconclusive," says




The Jury Reports

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

the Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind. Dem.), "that anybody can claim that his favorite won."

And such counter-claims are promptly entered. More light is needed, and a Congressional investigation should be held, declares the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.) and the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.). Agreeing, the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) points out that "the committee failed to catch Mr. Gardiner in any misstatement that might reasonably be regarded as evidence of bad faith."

Typical of much of the comment is that of the New York *Daily News:*

"President Hoover, plaintiff against the Navy League, named his own judge, prosecuting attorney, and jury, which found the defendant guilty in a secret hearing without giving the defendant a chance to plead his case."

OTHER papers find the President fully vindicated. The Navy League is "properly squelched," asserts the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* (Ind.), and, replying to the "hand-picked jury" charge, the Los Angeles *Times* (Ind. Rep.) says that "a striking instance of the President's fairness is seen in the fact that three of the committee, majority, are members of the Navy League."

The committee was "admirably balanced, no more friendly to the President than to the League," thinks the Boston *Herald* (Rep.), and the Troy *Record* (Rep.) adds that "the exoneration" of the President "confirms the previously formed public opinion that the attack was unjustified."

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# Dixie Debunks Lynching

LYNCHING STANDS DEBUNKED.

So says a Southern paper of the slashing report of a Southern commission on lynching.

"It has torn away from the abomination," adds the Macon *Telegraph*, "the veil of chivalry and the mask of protection of womanhood which it has worn, and has revealed it as a stark, ugly thing for which there is no defense."

In the same vein, papers all over the South are praising the commission's report as a step away from the savagery of lynch law, the peculiar form of barbarity which has left a blot on Dixie's name.

A dark picture is painted by the commission, whose findings are summarized in the box on this page. But "an encouraging high light," as the Associated Press points out, is that lynchings fell from the high mark of 255 in 1892 to the low of ten in 1929, with an average of seventeen for each of the last six years.

Turning to the dark side again, at least two of the twenty-one persons lynched in 1930 "certainly" were innocent, says the commission, as quoted by the Associated Press, and eleven others possibly so—

"Georgia led in contributing to the 3,603 lynchings since 1889 with 465. Mississippi had 464, Texas 364, and Louisiana 349. On the basis of percentage of Negro population, lynchings were most numerous in Florida, with Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas following in order.

"The commission concluded that lynching, while decreasing during the last three decades, was becoming more exclusively a Southern phenomenon, with 97 per cent. of the country's lynchings occurring in the South in recent years against 82 per cent. in earlier decades.

"The commission found 448 attempts at lynching were prevented by prompt action by officers and citizens in the ten years ending with 1929."

**Findings of the Southern Commission on Lynching**

1. There is real doubt of guilt of at least half the victims of mob violence.

2. Fewer than one-fourth of the persons lynched since 1890 have been accused of assaults upon white women.

3. Claims that lynchings are necessary because courts do not convict Negroes for their crimes are fallacious.

4. Mob leaders can be identified without difficulty, altho grand jury indictments seldom are brought.

5. Lynching is most frequent per tens of thousands of Negro population in sparsely settled areas.

6. There is direct relationship between lack of education, low economic status, and lynching danger.

OF the offenses that resulted in lynchings in cases examined by the commission, the report said that "one man was lynched solely because he had offended political opponents and another to prevent his appearance as a witness in a serious court case against white men." "The Negro's political impotence" was pointed out as a factor in the "indifference" of officers toward resistance to and prosecution of mobs.

This report is valuable "because it puts in authoritative and impressive form conclusions held for a long time by every enlightened Southerner," declares the Birmingham *Age-Herald:*

"Men like George Fort Milton, Julian Harris, and Howard Odum have done an excellent job in joining hands with Negro educators of standing for the purpose of driving home to our bosoms and business the cardinal viciousness of lynch law.

"What this survey makes clear beyond dispute is that none of the rationalizations for a resort to lynching holds water.

"What this survey makes clear, furthermore, is that if the authorities have sufficient courage, lynching parties will become few and far between. Either to prevent lynching or to punish lynchers is not a difficult matter if those in authority are big enough to live up to their obligation.

"Mr. Milton's commission is engaged in drafting an anti-lynching statute that will really serve the purpose of eliminating the evil. That is the right direction for the activity of Southerners to take.

"This is a Southern problem and a State problem. We must avoid at any cost the interference of Congress which has been threatened on several occasions. To make sure that the Federal Government will not thrust itself into State affairs, each commonwealth must make its own showing.

"If but ten lynchings took place in 1929, it is evident that as time goes on we shall have extinguished this plague as a constant factor in our sectional life. That can be done, it will be done, as the forces of expanding civilization make themselves felt in the struggle with ignorance, prejudice, and economic inferiority.

"That is a day to look forward to, the day when the crime of lynch law will have been thrust into the limbo occupied by other expressions of blood-lust and savagery."

"IN this report," agrees the Chattanooga *News* (whose editor heads the commission), "we have, in definite, scientific data, all the necessary facts concerning the malady which has made the South a synonym for barbarity in other countries." And "we need but to study these illuminating disclosures and to apply the remedy."

Altho it praises the report, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* fears that the problem will remain, at least as a threat, "so long as the South is unable or unwilling to raise the economic and educational level of its poverty-handicapped and illiterate population elements."

Along the same line, the Dallas *News* asserts that the commission's finding "that there is a direct relationship between lynching danger and a lack of education plus low economic status is borne out by familiar cases."

"IF the frequency with which blameless persons are made to suffer a dreadful death does not inspire a crusading spirit for rooting out this abomination, no other argument or fact or appeal will inspire it," declares the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

"The report should spur every Southern State to renewed effort to prohibit lynching absolutely," asserts the Winston-Salem *Journal*, and the Houston *Post-Dispatch* adds that "millions of people are looking forward hopefully to the time when the lynching blot will be erased from the South's escutcheon."

The report "is a serious indictment against the people of the South," admits the Savannah *Morning News*, but—

"The South is not the only area in which lynchings happen.

"If the taking of the law into its own hands by a mob for violent execution of its passionate decision is lynching—without relation to color or section—then innumerable slayings in the gang-cities, Chicago and New York, ought, too, to be set dow as 'lynchings'—and those communities might well be included in the indictment."

Commission members, as listed by the Associated Press, are: Chairman, George Fort Milton, president and editor of the Chattanooga *News;* Julian Harris of the Atlanta *Constitution;* Dr. John Hope, President of Atlanta University (for Negroes); Dr. Benjamin F. Hubert, President of Georgia State College; Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University; Dr. W. P. King, book editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Dr. W. J. Glothlin, President of Furman University and of the Southern Baptist Convention; Dr. R. R. Moton, Principal of Tuskegee Institute (for Negroes), and Dr. Howard W. Odum, University of North Carolina.

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# The New Rubber Romance

ANOTHER DREAM OF SCIENCE COMES TRUE, another laboratory romance culminates in success, with the production of synthetic rubber.

Behind this 1931 fairy-tale of fact, spun of hard work and patient effort, lies the story of the fourteen-year quest of a priest who tracked down the essential secret of the new product.

He is the Rev. Julius Arthur Nieuwland, "who might have reaped a fortune from his experimentation had he not been a priest." When he was ordained, we read, he took a vow of poverty, so that "whatever income may accrue from his discovery goes to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, for the maintenance of all its members."

Altho this synthetic rubber can not as yet be used for automobile tires, it is said to possess several qualities not found in natural rubber. Announcement of the discovery was made by E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company at a meeting of the American Chemical Society's rubber division at Akron, Ohio.

"The primary raw material for the new rubber is acetylene, which requires for its production only coal and limestone," says the United Press, which tells us that "the du Pont Company has started building a plant at Deepwater, New Jersey, for its manufacture on a commercial scale." Continuing:

"The only other raw materials needed, in addition to coal and limestone, are salt and water, it was said.

"More than a score of chemists worked several years perfecting the rubber.

"Among the valuable properties attributed to the development is the fact that it is much more resistant to the swelling action of gasoline, kerosene, and other solvents which are notoriously harmful to rubber. The synthetic product also is more resistant to oxygen, ozone, and many chemicals that attack natural rubber, it was said."

International

He Solved the Big Riddle

Of synthetic rubber—the Rev. Julius A. Nieuwland.

As for the earlier chapters of this romance, it seems that this is another Notre Dame victory, for the United Press tells us that Father Nieuwland discovered the essential chemicals which were to be developed into synthetic rubber when he was a member of the Notre Dame faculty twenty-five years ago—

"He came upon the component parts of synthetic rubber by passing acetylene into a solution of copper and ammonium chlorids. The chemical change produced a gas.

"Father Nieuwland worked fourteen years more when, in 1920, he was able to alter the composition so as to form an oil besides the gas. A year later the oil was determined to be divinyl acetylene, the material from which rubber is synthesized.

"Two years later, Dr. R. R. Vogt, an assistant to Father Nieuwland, treated divinyl acetylene with a vulcanizing agent and produced a highly elastic material somewhat resembling rubber.

"Father Nieuwland realized that somewhere in the qualities of his acetylene developments was the formula for rubber. Engineers of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company offered their cooperation. They took the gas he had discovered, treated it with hydrochloric acid and, presto, they had synthetic rubber, the dream of scientists for decades."

Of course, "tire manufacturers with heavy investments in rubber plantations have little to fear, for the present at least," as the Springfield *Union* points out. But the new product, says *The Christian Science Monitor*, "will inaugurate research for more and better ways to use rubber, and it already promises to have certain unusual qualities which will make it more adaptable than natural rubber for certain uses."

# Cleveland Drops City Managers

OUT GOES CLEVELAND'S CITY managership plan, tossed overboard by a vote of 61,267 to 51,970 after a seven-year trial.

Back goes the city to the old mayoral system of municipal rule, abandoning the plan which is supposed to eliminate the abuses of the older method.

Why did Cleveland, the largest city ever to adopt city managership, decide to forsake it? It is repeatedly charged that the abuses of political bossism, the very thing the plan aimed to destroy, brought the new order to grief.

Leading Democrats, headed by Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, fought to overthrow city managership, we read, while the Cleveland Republican organization, headed by Maurice Maschke, struggled to maintain it.

"The victory was a case of the House of Want trying to become the House of Have," writes Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the Cleveland *Press*—

"Republicans controlled the 10,000-odd jobs at the City Hall because they had picked the manager; the Democrats wanted the jobs.

"The manager plan was beaten despite the fact that the city's three leading newspapers campaigned against the amendment, holding that the manager plan, with all its shortcomings due to political manipulation, had given the city better government than the mayor system."

"It can be seen now that too much was claimed for the manager plan when it was adopted," for "it was held out as the cure for all the ills of maladministration," writes the Cleveland correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance. "But after some years of operation," he adds, "citizens learned that abuses could creep in under it as well as under a mayor." Many people felt that the manager plan "destroyed the responsibility of officials to the electorate." Continuing:

"Three times before the electorate had voted on the issue of returning to the mayor plan. But, until Tuesday, the manager plan was sustained each time by a narrow majority."

Political confusion results from this upset, we read. As City Manager Daniel E. Morgan goes out, Law Director Harold H. Burton comes in as Acting Mayor, to serve until the special election on February 16.

The manager plan never got the chance it deserved, according to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which points out that "no party was organized to maintain the plan or to cultivate faith in its possibilities," and that "politicians looked on it merely as another scheme of government and proceeded to devise means of using it to circumvent its own purposes."

On the face of it, the Cleveland switch "may appear a serious defeat for the city manager plan which has been growing with rapidity and success throughout the country," says the New York *World-Telegram*. "But it is not such a defeat"—

"The lesson of the Cleveland election is a very old one—the price of good government is eternal public vigilance.

"Rotten politics can ruin any system of government.

"But citizens have a better chance to achieve efficient and clean government under the city-manager system than any other operating in the United States. That is the general experience and testimony not only of municipal experts, but of virtually all of the 442 cities that have tried the city-manager plan.

Cleveland's switch, we read, leaves Cincinnati the largest city operating under the manager plan.

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# TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE yellow peril isn't a race but a streak.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

FIRE-PREVENTION slogan: "A match may be down but not out."—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

ENGLAND'S idea is to harness the Conservatives while something is left to conserve.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

"THE dollar now buys 15 per cent. more than in 1929." You mean it could if it would.—*Denton Record-Chronicle.*

AS we understand Shaw, the Russian system is ideal if you are a rich playwright living in England.—*Manila Bulletin.*

CAPONE won't find it so hard to explain the disappearance of his income when the lawyers get through.—*Martin's Ferry Times.*

JUST because the course of true love never did run smooth, don't think the detours run any smoother.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IT'S a welcome change when wheat goes up, instead of the wheat rancher.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

BUSINESS would like to know whether the fix it is in is the suffix or prefix.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THREE thousand are freed at Reno in six months. But most of them had been a bit too free long before that.—*Dallas News.*

ALTHO Mr. Gandhi is said to have been at one time a lawyer, it looks as tho he never won a suit.—*Weston Leader.*

"HOOVER or Hades" is suggested as a Republican campaign slogan. We've had both so long that it would be quite a relief to have either alone.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

AUTHORITIES in the District of Columbia announce that all panhandlers will be put to work on a wood pile. The next Congress may have to adjourn for lack of a quorum.—*San Diego Union.*

The Toughest Officiating Job This Fall

—Ireland in the Columbus "Dispatch."

ANOTHER reason to pity the Chinaman is that he doesn't know which of his governments to blame for everything.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE more you try to explain civilization, the more respect you have for the ancients who blamed everything on the planets.—*Medford Mail-Tribune.*

THE commander-in-chief of the U. S. Navy can't see yet where trimming the gold-braid appropriations should weaken the seat of the pants appreciably.—*Dallas News.*

WOMEN'S feet have increased in size during the last ten years, according to a Los Angeles doctor. Presumably through trying to fill men's shoes.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE United States has promised to join in suspending all warlike preparations for one year. We understand that a minority report is to be submitted by the Democrats.—*San Diego Union.*

A LADY doctor says that a child should be made to face reality. But it would be very annoying for mother if she had to remove her make-up every time she kissed the little one good-night.—*The Humorist.*

WHAT with prices of wheat and oil going up and people staging prosperity demonstrations all over the lot, it begins to look as if the pot civilization has been going to had a soup-bone in it after all.—*Boston Herald.*

SHORT selling may be bad, but the prevailing short buying is even worse.—*Florence Herald.*

DISCUSSION of pegging the pound turns on the problem of where to pound the peg.—*Boston Transcript.*

PRESENT zero in compliments would be to tell a South American his word is as good as his bond.—*Vancouver Sun.*

MAYBE the best solution would be to subsidize the Joneses and let them set a pace for the neighbors.—*Newark Ledger.*

WITH a figure like his, and a nice taste in dress, Al Capone is going to hate horizontal stripes.—*Beaumont Enterprise.*

HOOVER ought to be able successfully to repair his political fence—he certainly has enough boards.—*Thomaston Times.*

THEY say everybody in Hollywood sees the movies, but this can't be true of the man who writes the ads for them.—*Springfield News-Sun.*

AS to the postal deficit, there ought to be some way of stamping it out.—*Weston Leader.*

PROBABLY there would be fewer of those gigantic war bills if folks had to do the footing before the arming.—*Boston Herald.*

WITHOUT saying whether or not legalized beer would eliminate discontent, it would certainly bring back the growler—*Arkansas Gazette.*

TOM MOONEY is still trying to get released from the California penitentiary. Evidently he hasn't heard about what has happened on the outside.—*Arizona Producer.*

AS long as there is so much talk about reforming the thing, we'll just say that the elastic currency we'd like would be the kind that would snap back into your pocket after you'd paid the bill.—*Boston Herald.*

AFTER what President Hoover has said about it, perhaps it is just as well that the Navy League has no battle-ships of its own.—*San Diego Union.*

As a last desperate effort to balance the budget, statesmen might try the revolutionary expedient of spending less.—*Windsor Border Cities Star.*

THE forestry controversy in New York between Governor Roosevelt and Al Smith ended with the latter up a tree.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald Journal.*

A GANG of counterfeiters is having little difficulty in getting rid of bogus $20 bills; no doubt because so many people have forgotten what the real ones look like.—*Boston Herald.*

A WRITER reminds us that at one time dramatic critics used to sit on the stage. Nowadays they merely sit on the author, the cast, the scenery and the producer.—*Punch (London).*

WHY do they always keep demanding that women whose husbands have jobs quit working? Why not do it the other way 'round? Aren't the husbands entitled to a break once in a while?—*Boston Herald.*

THERE has been some pretty bitter criticism of the Empress Eugénie millinery but we always say things might have been worse. Suppose the girls all took to wearing Queen Mary hats.—*The New Yorker.*

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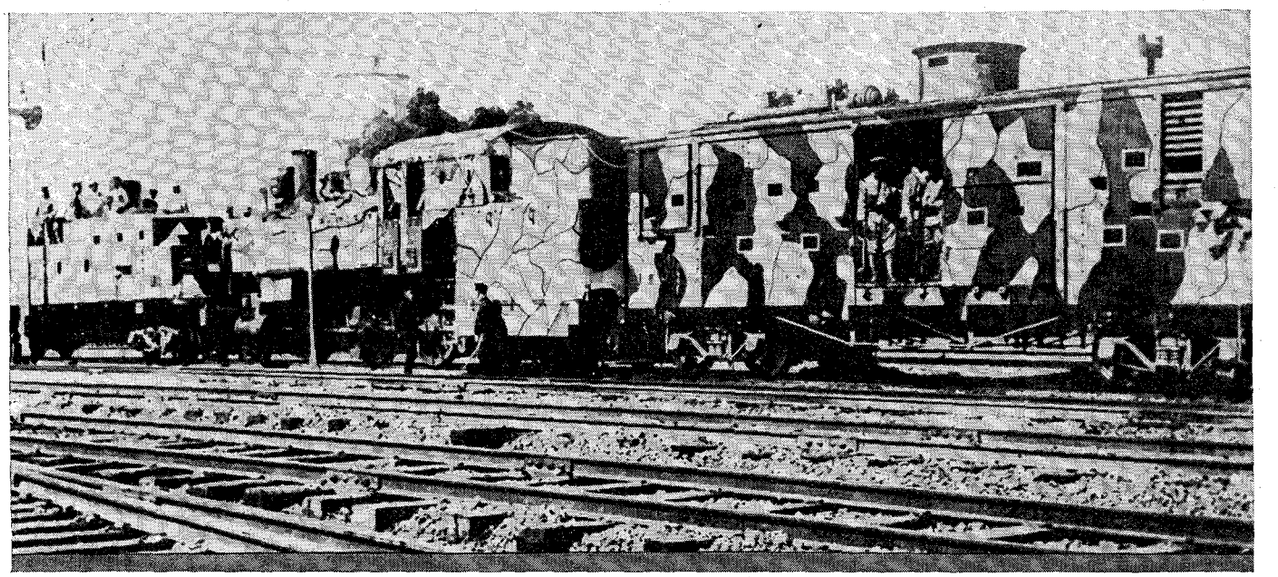

Acme photograph

Camouflage Days Are Here Again

Armored and heavily armed Japanese trains patrolling the South Manchurian Railway renew memories of transport in the World War.

# Soviet Russia's Aims in Manchuria

GREEN GREED FOR WAR PROFITS gnaws the vitals of politicians and business men in capitalist countries at sight of the Chinese-Japanese clash in Manchuria, and they would like to make Russia "the goat."

Thus Soviet editors express their resentment against reports that Soviet Russia simply yearns for a part in the Manchurian fray.

Denouncing news stories of the possibility of Soviet intervention in Manchuria, the Moscow official *Pravda* declares that "these provocatory inventions all have met the same fate: the Soviet Government's firm policy of peace and its policy of observance of international treaties and the sovereignty of other countries have emphasized the marauding nature of the occupation of Manchuria."

In an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, *Pravda* refers to the remark of an American newspaper that "war would end the Soviet Five-Year Plan." To this *Pravda* retorts:

"Therein the real sense of the anti-Soviet campaign is most clearly exprest. It is necessary to note that the inventions about Soviet involvement in war also were spread in certain circles as a stock-market trick.

"Rumors of the mobilization of Soviet troops spread by some American newspapers were used by manipulators in Chicago to effect a rise in grain prices. American capitalists remember very well how they warmed their hands during the World War.

"Manchuria is the harbinger of new and bloody imperialist wars now being prepared by doomed capitalism in the hope of finding an exit from its crisis. Under the mask of hypocritical words about peace, disarmament, and the rest, preparations for war are under way. However, the mask is transparent, and the bloody face of imperialist slaughter shows through."

*Isviestia*, also official, speaks of the busy fingers of capitalist politicians in "spreading falsehoods," and it goes on:

"These gentlemen understand very well the absurdity of rumors of Soviet intervention. But what can they do when there is no possibility of justifying the occupation or of justifying extension of the occupation without such rumors?"

THE Moscow *Workers' Gazette* charges:

"With the movement of Japanese troops into the region of Tsitsihar, the conflict which heretofore was confined to Southern Manchuria now begins to involve the northern portion. Moreover, the sharp point of the advance and its ever greater determination is directed against the U. S. S. R."

A PERSONAL and official statement of Soviet policy was made at Moscow to Frederick Kuh, a United Press correspondent, by Klementi Voroshilov, Soviet War Commissar. He affirmed that Russia's attitude toward Japanese occupation of Manchuria will depend "entirely upon the sincerity of Japan's desire to maintain neighborly relations with us."

The vigorous, ruddy-faced Soviet war chief, whose power is second only to that of Josef V. Stalin, sat behind his overladen desk and emphatically strest these points:

"That Russia is anxious to preserve friendly relations with Japan and China; that reports of Russian concentrations near Manchuria are 'nonsense'; that Russia's policies would never permit her to collaborate in a 'partition of China'; that Russia's policies are incompatible with occupation for intervention; that the position of the United States toward the Manchurian crisis is 'vague and equivocal,' and that the 'sincerity' of the League of Nations' efforts 'to keep peace in Manchuria is very dubious.'

"The War Commissar, who directs the Russian Army of some 600,000 men or more, spoke candidly, sometimes with a burst of humor, and again with deadly seriousness.

"Referring to a statement in the Moscow press quoting United States Congressman Fred A. Britten as charging the Soviet with mobilization of great land, naval, and air forces near Manchuria, Voroshilov denounced the charge as 'inciting and brazen.' He characterized Britten as 'a political bandit.'"

COMMISSAR VOROSHILOV also asserted:

"The Soviets believe that so-called assistance is tantamount to direct intervention, and would result in the partitioning of China and the suppression of Chinese independence.

"The Soviets would be committing a crime if they undertook the partition of China. We have no doubt the so-called great Powers would rejoice if we collaborated in China's partition, but the Soviet Union would never adopt such a policy. The Soviets' peaceful policy is incompatible with methods of occupation and intervention."

He told the United Press correspondent at Moscow further



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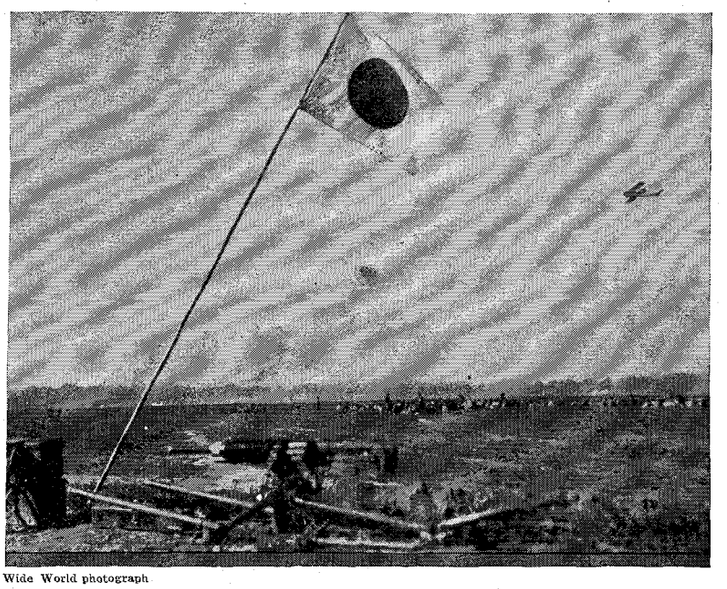
that the Chinese generals do not play a vital rôle in China's affairs, tho "perhaps they are no worse than generals in other countries." But, returning to his chief contention, he declared that "the decisive point is the peaceful policy of the Soviets. The Soviets respect the sovereign rights of China."

Immediately after Commissar Voroshilov's assurances about Russia's stand, cable advices to THE LITERARY DIGEST relate, the Japanese vernacular press stopt comment, for the time at least, because seemingly, they took his statements that the Soviet Government would not interfere, at their face value. Earlier, however, *Chugai Shogyo*, Tokyo organ of the commercial interests, observed:

"Reports say that Chiang Kai-shek is relying upon the League of Nations and Great Britain to force Japan to yield, while Chang Hsueh-liang is planning to restrict Japan in Manchuria by cooperating with Russia.

"Russia's positive policy in Northern Manchuria is easily discernible. Moscow is trying to restore its influence."



Wide World photograph

Japanese Eyes of the Air

A daring Japanese flyer circling over Chinese troops between clashes near Mukden. This picture was taken from the Japanese trenches. Machine-gun looms ominously in the foreground.

In a cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST, the Tokyo *Hochi Shimbun* finds it "increasingly evident that the Soviets are determined to oppose Japan in Manchuria," and it avers:

"Despite Karakhan's denial that the Soviets have massed troops on the border, reports persist that the Russian military backed the Chinese in their refusal to repair the Nonni River bridge of the Taonan-Anganchi Railway.

"We hope that these reports are untrue, and that Karakhan meant what he said when he told the Japanese Ambassador that Moscow's attitude is one of strict neutrality."

SHANGHAI cable advices to THE LITERARY DIGEST indicate that the vernacular Chinese press has exercised the utmost caution in commenting on Soviet interest in the Manchurian imbroglio. But the Peiping *Leader* avers:

"There is no evidence that the Soviets have been aiding China, and lacking such evidence, the intentions of the Nipponese vulture in challenging the Big Bear remain to be seen.

"Imperialistic Japan not only has trampled Manchuria under foot, but has slapped Russia's face, thrown stones at Great Britain, and turned deaf ears to the United States' entreaties. Will the Japanese Tiger fight the world alone, or will it be induced to enter its cage?"

Says the Shanghai *Evening Post and Mercury:*

"If the Soviets are drawn into any sort of active clash, the consequences can not be measured. We do not believe that the Soviets want trouble, despite alarmist utterances, but the Soviets have a large and powerful Army and an abundance of fire-eaters ready to meet trouble more than half-way.

"Since Russia has special Manchurian interests and territory contiguous to Manchuria, Russia is not the best country in the world for Japan to push. If the Soviets feel that their toes are being trampled, there will be a real war. It must be remembered that the Soviets are not without possible Allies, both open and covert."

# Germany's Modernistic Beggars

INSTEAD OF THROWING UP THEIR HANDS in despair over the hard times, and lamenting that their source of income has been cut off, Germany's peripatetic mendicants face the situation with business initiative.

They are no longer beggars, but *Kunden*, which means customers. They do not traipse along, pleading for a hand-out. They go shopping. And they keep a kind of official commercial record of the dispensers on their routes.

What is more, the *Kunden*, following the methods of big business, have got themselves thoroughly organized. They make up a vast body, relates the Strasbourg correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, and this association of *Kunden* has its traditions, its customs, its particular mode of speech, and its trade organ.

Two years ago, he tells us, these followers of the big trail assembled in congress at Stuttgart. Their commander-in-chief addrest them with a microphone in front of him, and the broadcasting station of that city carried to thousands of German radio fans the evangel of the perfect vagabond. We learn further:

"The *Kunden*, or Customers of the highway, choose to call themselves Monarchs. It is all very well to be king of the great open spaces, but then one must live. Private charity, always under demand of the *Kunden*, has in turn organized itself into a system.

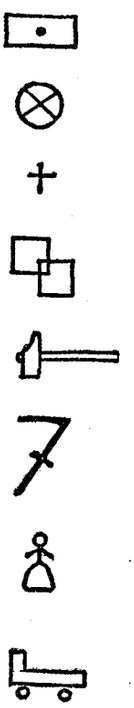
"In many German towns, the beggar who comes knocking at the door gets a great surprize. Instead of alms, in the form of a nickel coin, he receives a check duly issued to the *Wohlfahrtsscheckdienst* Local.

"Freely rendered, this long-distance title means the Office of Relief Checks.

"Upon presentation of such a check, the 'Customer' can obtain soup and, if necessary, a place to sleep. But it must be thoroughly understood that the 'Customer' doesn't like this way of doing things at all.

"When he leaves the house at which he has received the disagreeable surprize of the check, he takes from his pocket a piece of chalk, without which no well-trained and conscientious 'Customer' ever travels.

"Then he chalks a mark on the premises, and this mark warns every Monarch that comes after him to be on his guard against the master of that house."



THE *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* reproduces some of the signs used by the *Kunden* on houses where the relief check has not yet been put to work. Read at the left, top to bottom:

Owner here a brute.
Here they give you food.
Here you must be very humble.
The people here are timid.
Here they make you work.
The women here easy marks.
Very generous people here.
Here they give you money to take a train out of town.

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# Adolf Hitler States His Case

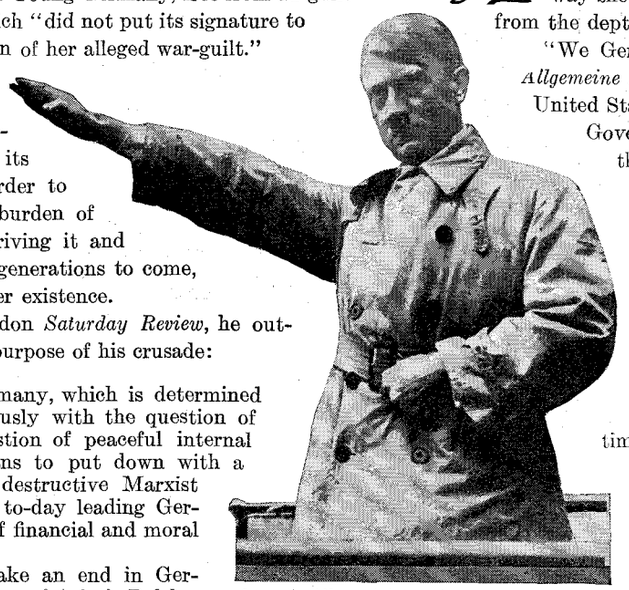
MIGHTY PARADES OF NAZIS marching for hours past the upraised saluting right arm of Adolf Hitler, National-Socialist (Fascist) leader and firebrand of Germany, are familiar in news pictures the world over.

The menacing vehemence of his campaign oratory is equally wide-spread in press dispatches. Now, he appears with a message to all outside of Germany, whether they sympathize with his aims or not.

The victory of the Hitler movement, he assures us first of all, will not be the victory of prewar Germany. Prewar Germany belongs to history, and the National Socialists, as sons of an honorable nation, he tells us, refuse to belittle it.

Nor will National Socialism bring back the old Germany. National Socialism is Young Germany, free from all guilt for the war, and which "did not put its signature to Germany's confession of her alleged war-guilt."

Into the hands of the National Socialists Young Germany has entrusted its fate, he claims, in order to throw off the terrific burden of crippling debts, depriving it and its descendants, for generations to come, of all hope of a better existence.



International Newsreel photograph

"If Ever Youth Faced Fearful Odds"

It is here and now, says Adolf Hitler, National-Socialist leader of Young Germany.

Then, in the London *Saturday Review*, he outlines the plan and purpose of his crusade:

"This Young Germany, which is determined to solve, simultaneously with the question of war debts, the question of peaceful internal reconstruction, means to put down with a strong hand those destructive Marxist elements which are to-day leading Germany to the verge of financial and moral destruction.

"It means to make an end in Germany of the pestilence of Asiatic Bolshevism which threatens the thousand-year-old civilization of Europe and has thrown the incendiary bomb of chaos into every country of the world.

"It means to restore and strengthen the moral fiber to which the German people owe their good name.

"In order to fufil this great task, and also as a matter of honesty, National Socialism can not assume the responsibility of promising to shoulder financial obligations in connection with war debts which the economically exploited and now impoverished German people is unable to pay, which render impossible all economic construction, to the detriment not only of Germany, but of the rest of the world.

"On the other hand, the Hitler movement is determined to take over and pay private debts. National Socialism attaches importance to making this fact public, in order to counter the false rumors which are being spread about its intentions.

"Here is the truth. Private creditors will find that the operation of National-Socialist economic principles in Germany constitutes a better and safer guaranty of the settlement of their financial claims than the irresponsible mismanagement of Germany under the present system.

"We are convinced that upon the success of the National-Socialist régime in Germany rests the peace and order of Europe, and that the continuance of the present system is definitely leading toward the abyss."

ALTHO the world seems to think it militarist, Mr. Hitler solemnly avers that the National-Socialist movement does not intend to make war. It sincerely desires peace, in order to devote itself to the reconstruction of Germany.

But in honest conviction, he informs us, it warns the world "against the folly of the illusion that it is possible to erect the structure of peace on foundations continually eaten away by the cancer of exacting reparations."

The National-Socialist movement, he avers, believes that peace would be assured for Europe if the political treaties which imprison Germany were revised and abrogated rather than if efforts are made to maintain them.

The movement, he goes on, is firmly convinced that the Young Germany which it represents, whose eyes are directed toward the future under the sign "Poor but Honest," will alone succeed in restoring the confidence of foreign countries in the German people.

# Why Germany Holds We Must Pay

AMERICA WON THE WAR, and she must pay for it. This is the claim of various German editors. The way she must pay, they assert, is by rescuing Europe from the depths of financial and economic ruin.

"We Germans can not refrain," argues the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, "from reminding the people of the United States of America that the intervention of their Government on the side of the Allies determined the destiny of the World War."

Consequently, they contend, even if there were nothing else to remember but this historic fact, that would be sufficient to show the United States is "answerable before the bar of history, and will remain responsible for the present state of Europe, which beyond doubt is the worst since the Thirty-Years' War." This Berlin daily goes on:

"The number of suffering people now is four times what it was then. Their capacity to suffer, as a result of advances in civilization and education, has grown. It remains problematical whether a further evolution is not to entail a still profounder wo and more hopeless chaos.

"This state of affairs is not alone the result of the war as such. It was in a supreme degree brought about by the kind of settlements, as Woodrow Wilson called them, which ended the war. These settlements became possible only through the decisive intervention of the United States. This, people in America know well. These arrangements are solely responsible for the fact that some thirteen years after the end of the World War, the nations of the earth, instead of recovering from the effects, are plunged only deeper into chaos, want, and lack of employment."

THEN this German newspaper remarks that to divert responsibility from themselves, many Americans will make retort thus: They will say that they never believed the peace treaties comprised a fulfilment of the purposes for which they entered the war. They will say that they have refused to accept those treaties. They will say that they have refused to go into the League of Nations, and the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* maintains they will also say that they had nothing to do with the settlements made to end the war. But, despite such a declaration on the part of the Americans, their responsibility remains, and for this reason:

"The American people, even against their better judgment, have helped to bring about those World War settlements. Many thinking Americans feel this keenly, and they are actually sorry now that their country went into the war.

"Still, the responsibility remains, and this fact obliges the American people to act accordingly—all the more so since the facts to be recalled are not historical merely, but are of the sort imposing a moral obligation or duty.

"The people of the United States well know that before the world and in the face of history they are morally responsible for the outcome of the World War—a moral responsibility they deliberately took upon themselves."

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# Chemical Cure for Insanity

CRAZY PEOPLE'S BRAINS may be "puckered" or "mushy."

The problem, then, is to cure the mush or the pucker. Medicines have been found that will do it.

Ridiculed by two generations of scientists, a theory of anesthesia advanced by Claude Bernard, a French physiologist, has led to studies which trace insanity to chemical causes.

Accordingly, certain drugs, functioning as a counteracting agent on the tissues of the brain and nerves, are effective in the treatment of the insane, Prof. Wilder D. Bancroft of Cornell University said in a recent address before the New York Section of the American Chemical Society. He is thus quoted in a press bulletin of the Society:

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Insanity Can Be Cured

By chemical treatment, says Prof. Wilder D. Bancroft of Cornell University.

"Claude Bernard's views lead directly to a colloid theory of insanity. If the brain is permanently abnormal, the thinking will be abnormal also, and the patient will be called insane. The brain can be abnormal in two ways—by being too puckered or by being too mushy.

"There must therefore be two types of insanity, a puckered type which will be helped by sodium rhodanid and a mushy type which will be helped by an anesthetic such as sodium amytal. These two types exist, and can be helped in this way. Actually, it has been found that the functional psychoses fall pretty sharply, 93 per cent. on the preliminary test, into these two classes. Manic depressives and epileptics are of the puckered type; dementia præcox catatonics are of the mushy type.

"For sixty years the scientific world has laughed at Claude Bernard's theory that anesthesia is due to a reversible coagulation of some of the proteins of the brain and the sensory nerves. We know now that Claude Bernard was right, and that his concept is useful in explaining many phenomena in addition to anesthesia.

"Histamin acts chiefly on the sympathetic nerves, strychnin on the synapses of the spinal cord, curare on the motor nerves, and potassium salts on the muscles. The habit-forming drugs, such as morphin, act as they do because they are not eliminated rapidly, whereas the true anesthetic, such as chloroform or ether, disappears from the system in a relatively short time.

"If we add a peptizing agent which can get to the coagulated proteins, it should tend to bring the patient back to normal again. Sodium thiocyanate and ephedrin are the two which have been tested most completely. Either one will counteract to some extent the effect of morphin, chloroform, alcohol, histamin, strychnin, or anaphylactic shock, and will undoubtedly be moderately effective against curare and potassium poisoning, tho this has not yet been tested."

CLAUDE BERNARD'S view was rejected by biologists, physiologists, and medical men, Professor Bancroft asserted, because they did not know enough colloid chemistry to understand it or to appreciate its importance. The Division of Physical Chemistry at Cornell University, he went on, has set itself, as one task, to show that the general point of view put forward by Bernard is of enormous importance in physiology, pharmacology, and medicine. The professor added:

"In the case of man and animals it is difficult to show that anesthetics coagulate the brain, tho one could show that shrinkage occurred. It is possible to anesthetize yeast cells, and to show photographically that there is reversible coagulation. The skeptical medical man might and probably would deny any close parallelism between yeast cells and human brains.

"A flank attack will rout the skeptic. If anesthesia is caused by the coagulation or puckering of proteins in the brain and sensory nerves, we ought to be able to bring the patient out of anesthesia more quickly than would normally be the case by administering a peptizing agent which would make the affected proteins more mushy, and therefore more normal.

"Ephedrin, which is an organic compound, and sodium thiocyanate, an inorganic compound, make white of egg, which is a protein, more mushy; and it has been found by others as well as by ourselves that these substances will bring men, dogs, rabbits, goldfish, and plants out of a state of anesthesia.

"The natural development of the theory of Claude Bernard is that other drugs, which act differently, may do so because they cause reversible coagulation of the proteins in other tissues. We know that histamin affects primarily the sympathetic nerves, strychnin the ganglia of the spinal cord, and potassium salts the motor muscles, while the motor nerves are affected primarily by curare, the poison used by the South American natives.

"If Claude Bernard's views are of general applicability, it is probable that these drugs or poisons cause reversible coagulation of these tissues respectively. We can not give a direct proof at present; but we can show that we must be dealing with a puckering, because ephedrin and sodium rhodanid counteract the effects of these drugs."

NEW cures for poisons like strychnin and the South American curare are then discust by Professor Bancroft, who treats them as follows:

"If we give a rabbit a suitable dose of sodium rhodanid, we can give him a dose of strychnin or histamin, which would kill any rabbit but ours, and ours survives. We can protect him against an otherwise fatal anaphylactic shock or against potassium salts.

"According to the literature he can also be protected against curare, but we have not yet tried that ourselves. The South American natives, who lie down and die when scratched accidentally by their own arrows, could probably be saved by the modern colloid chemist. This will undoubtedly happen before long in some thriller, and the chemist will be looked on as a god by that tribe."

## Our Blood Might Have Been Green

IT may have been only an evolutionary accident that mankind has red blood instead of green and pink cheeks instead of faces tinted like the leaves of trees, says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York). He explains:

"Prof. H. Munro Fox of the University of Birmingham has discovered, he announces, that some varieties of sea-worms, believed to be distantly related to the wormlike creatures from which mankind evolved, possess a bloodlike fluid which is green instead of red, and which contains a green chemical called chlorocruorin which apparently carries oxygen around the worm's body just as the red hemoglobin of blood carries oxygen throughout the human body.

"Many millions of years ago, when the highest forms of life on earth were some of these wormlike creatures, relatives of which still survive in the sea, there may have existed, Professor Fox's discoveries suggest, two kinds of these sea-worms. One kind had the beginnings of red blood, and contained chemicals related to hemoglobin. The other worm varieties apparently had green blood, containing Professor Fox's chlorocruorin or some of its close chemical relatives. The red pigment and the green one evidently served about equally well as carriers of oxygen.

"For some reason, however, it happened to be the red-blooded worms which developed the beginnings of a backbone, and evolved, after millions of more years, into the higher animals and man. The green-blooded worms stayed about as they were, and now are represented by Professor Fox's finds."



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# How Edison Worked

EDISON'S METHODS OF LABORATORY WORK are described by one of his aids who was at the same time an intimate acquaintance from boyhood—John F. O'Hagan, in an article contributed to the New York *Times*.

Edison's definition of genius—that it is "two-parts inspiration and ninety-eight parts perspiration"—is well known. It coincides fairly well with that older definition—"an infinite capacity for taking pains," which is also familiar. Altho neither is accepted whole-heartedly by psychologists, there is no doubt that Edison's ability to work hard and long and without respite on a problem was a principal factor in his success.

This fact Mr. O'Hagan brings out in his narrative. He writes:

"'I find what the world needs, then I go ahead and try to invent it.' This was the answer of Thomas A. Edison made years ago to a question from the late Dr. Charles W. Eliot, then president of Harvard University.

"From the beginning of his first scientific quests in his little workshop at Menlo Park, New Jersey, more than a half-century ago, Edison realized the impossibility of carrying out single-handed such enormous tasks as he had set for himself.

"Outside of a few basic principles, little was known of electrical phenomena, and only a minor part of this was demonstrable, let alone utilitarian. With few exceptions in the first thirty years of his experimental career did he engage trained assistants or the graduates of technical schools.

"Many of his pioneers had, like himself, only the most meager education, but they knew how to follow a single line of research, and then followed strictly the course of written instructions which Edison always insisted upon, so there would be no question as to what had been his orders. This line of experimental correspondence is an epic in itself.

"Due to the fact that so many of his inventions were basic, Edison was compelled to make universal experiments in practically all of the subjects entering into the inventive child he was trying to raise to maturity.

"He studied the peculiar adaptability of each assistant. He soon learned who was proficient in electricity, chemistry, physics, or mechanics, and to each was assigned the work for which he was best adapted.

"'I always start by reading everything available on a matter and its related subjects before I start an experiment,' Edison often said. 'Then, step by step, by trial and error, I go ahead proving this theory is right and that theory is wrong, until I have a majority in my favor as far as a working whole is concerned. Then we drive to complete the proposition.'"

THE long sleepless vigils over test-tubes or in observation of a working part or a completed whole have long been known, remarks Mr. O'Hagan. In every room or building in which experiments of any duration were to be carried on, Edison would in the beginning select a spot where he might snatch a few hours' sleep between labors. The narrator proceeds:

"I remember one time during a set of extensive and expensive experiments at his chemical works in Silver Lake, New Jersey, that he could find no place to 'cork off' other than on the top of an old roll-top desk.

"Barely two feet wide and not long enough for a full-length stretch, this was the only bed the 'Old Man' knew for weeks. He arose one night after about two hours' sleep and in the darkness quickly put on his hat, only to jump with consternation and to throw his hat against the wall as he felt some creeping creatures on his head. While he slept a family of mice had made their home in his hat.

"It was during these experiments that he developed a major industry in a short period of time, even to erecting a complete set of buildings and constructing special machinery to supply the American Government, and later some of the Allies, to say nothing of American industries, with much-needed coal-tar products as a base for explosives and the dye industry.

"A majority of these products had previously been supplied by Germany, and certain industries were threatened with paralysis.

"This was one of the fastest, most complete, and most profitable experiments in a short period of time ever carried out by Mr. Edison.

"When work on the X-ray was being conducted, Edison hit upon the idea of the fluoroscope.

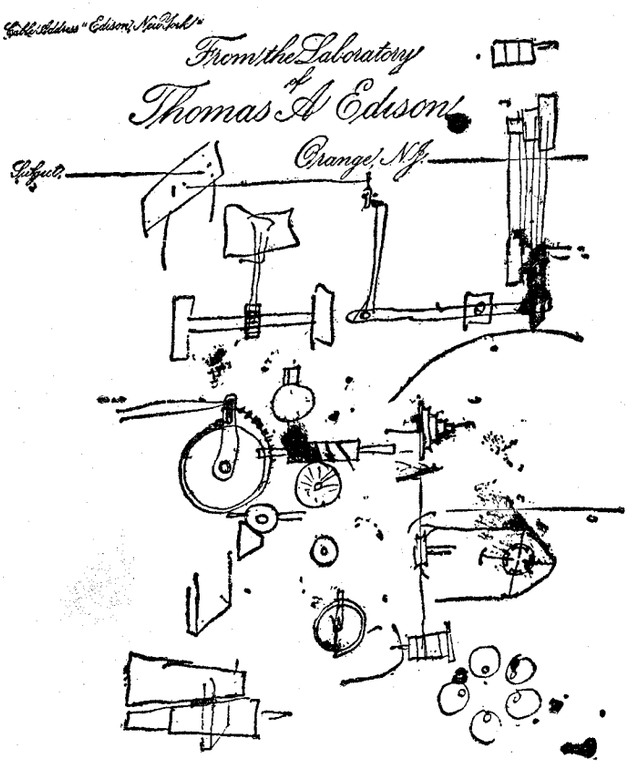
"Pictures of one's interior were not enough.

"Medicine and surgery would be greatly assisted if doctors could study with the naked eye the interior organisms.

"Little was known of the subject at the time, and Edison, one morning, in preparing for the long grind toward discovery, pointed to a whole section of his chemical room in which he kept dry materials, and said to his assistant:

"'Aylsworth, start up there at the top and work down. If there is a suitable fluorescent salt or a combination of salts that will fluoresce, we will get it. Stick at this and let me know from what substances you get results.'

"It was long after that that a group of distinguished medical men saw with the naked eye for the first time objects through a solid substance. Mr. Edison took a watch from one of the doctors and placed it in the center of a large book, and later a cat was placed by Aylsworth in a closed box. This was the first public demonstration of the fluoroscope."




The Scribblings of a Genius

While pondering a mechanical device for the electric street-car in 1888, Mr. Edison made the above rough sketches as suggestions to one of his staff.

## Bird Song and Weather

THE song of birds is affected by weather changes, according to an English naturalist, H. G. Alexander, who has been making a study of the effects of atmospheric conditions on our feathered friends, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

"Changes in weather, especially the onset of severe cold or snow, have an influence upon the amount of bird song, but the effects are different for different species.

"Freezing weather reduces the amount of song of the ground-feeding species, such as skylarks and thrushes, while cold winds have the same effect upon more arboreal feeders.

"Some species, including the coal-tit, respond vocally to sunshine, and some, such as the blackbird, are encouraged by rain. The investigator suggests that sunshine or rain may affect the food supply of these birds and thus induce song, but rain stimulates blackbirds more than either thrushes or robins, tho the food is very similar."

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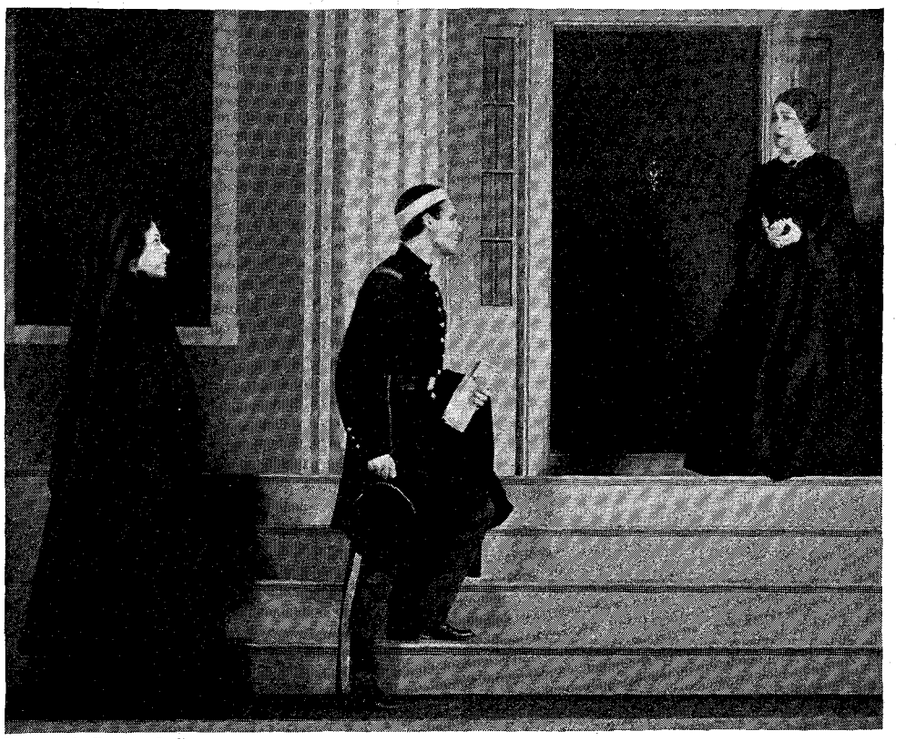
# O'Neill at Top Notch

A GENUINE SENSATION has come to the New York stage in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." You have only to read the dithyrambs beginning the reviews of the dramatic critics, unanimous for once, to believe it.

Mystery had surrounded the play whose title only vaguely suggested that the Greeks had something to do with the matter.

What was unfolded was the Orestean tragedy translated into terms of mid-nineteenth-century New England.

"Mr. O'Neill has never before fulfilled himself so completely,"



Photograph by Vandamm Studio

Return of the "Orin-Orestes" From War

Met by his mother "Christina-Clytemnestra" and goaded by his sister "Lavinia-Electra." From left to right are Alice Brady, Earl Larimore and Alla Nazimova.

writes Atkinson of *The Times*. "I congratulate Mr. O'Neill and the Theater Guild for their superior performance of a thoughtful, earnest, theatrical, and sanely deleterious stunt," says the usually ironic Hammond of *The Herald Tribune*. "A grand scheme, grandly fulfilled. No play in years has won so stirring an ovation at its close," reports Gabriel of *The American*. "It is classic in its serenity, its inevitability," says the measured Lockridge of *The Sun*. And the difficult-to-please Brown of *The Evening Post*, who guards the integrity of the theater, breaks loose in this guise:

"It is a play which towers above the scrubby output of our present-day theater as the Empire State Building soars above the skyline of Manhattan."

FROM these you may gather that both O'Neill and the Theater Guild have blotted out the memory of all past shortcomings.

A play which, beginning at five in the afternoon, absorbs your attention for six hours, including the interval for necessary sustenance, is one not easy to reproduce in brevity.

Take the tragic story involving the house of Agamemnon, and see if the same crimes and their consequent emotions can move you in the same way through the medium of less exalted persons.

Richard Lockridge of the New York *Sun* must tell us O'Neill's story:

"He paints a picture of a family in decay—a family warped and twisted, locked in its skeleton-filled closets, living on itself, presenting to the world a blank expression to hide inner torture.

"The family lived in New England behind the white pillars of a 'sea captain's house'—the family of the *Mannons*. There were four *Mannons*, proud and haughty and twisted, when the Civil War ended in the spring of 1865.

"There was *Ezra Mannon*, Brigadier-General, hard man, child crying in darkness for some way to beat down the barrier which shut him from his fellows and from his wife.

"There was the wife, no true *Mannon*, but infected with the virus of the family, faithless as a wife, warped as a mother, going to her lover while her husband was absent.

"There was *Lavinia*, the *Electra* of the play, bitterly in love with her father, hating as bitterly her mother. And there was *Orin Mannon*, the son, unwholesomely in love with his mother.

There was, too, the half-Mannon—*Capt. Adam Brant*, who had discarded the name of his father and taken that of his mother, who had been driven from the house by *Ezra's* father when he married the servant girl, whom *Ezra* also loved. Righteousness had been excuse for the expulsion.

"*Adam Brant* came seeking revenge for his mother's death. Part of it seemed to be to steal *Ezra's* wife, but then he found he loved her. He was her lover. Then the daughter, avenging fury for her own love of *Adam*, who looked very like her father, frightened the lovers to murdering *Ezra*.

"Driven on by her twisted love, which saw her father in all men, *Lavinia* unearthed the two secrets of infidelity and murder and, when her brother returned, dug with them under his skin. The boy, who had hated his father, was almost indifferent to the murder; the love of his mother and *Adam Brant* aroused his insane jealousy.

"The brother and sister, the latter leading, followed their mother, when she sought to escape, and traced her to the cabin of *Brant's* ship. There the boy, who had been turned to a bitter man by his suffering in the war, killed his mother's lover and gloated over the body; there the daughter was carried through by jealous hatred of her mother as she aided in killing the man she unconsciously loved.

"The two took the story of their deed to the woman who had loved, and who had had *Brant*, and she went, moaning, to kill herself.

"Horror of himself rose in the boy, but the girl was for a time released. Freed from the object of her jealousy, freed from her torturing love for her father, she could live—or thought she could.

"Implacable still, the leader still, she fought to bring the boy to sanity and, when that failed, and he was near to confessing everything, goaded him to suicide.

"Then she was truly free—free to marry *Peter Niles*, free to let run through her the warmth she had inherited from her mother and crusht down. She was free to stand in *Peter's* arms, to beg for his immediate love, to call him—*Adam!* Then she understood, realized with horrified mind her love for the *Adam* she had killed, and who looked so very like her father, realized her motive



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for hounding her mother. Then, in the mourning which so became her, she set her back on love and went into the doomed house of the *Mannons* to live with the dead until they should be pleased to let her lie with them.

"Beating through it all is the pulse of the desire of all to escape —to find some place soft and warm and secure, some place where harshness and bitterness and fear are forgotten.

"To each character this haven appears in the form of an island in the South Seas, where natives dance naked and unshamed, where love is fearless and uncomplicated. The son sees this island as a projection of his mother; the girl finds in it men like her father; *Brant* would have carried his love there to eat of lotus. Presumably the psychoanalytic view of this need not be labored.

"O'Neill has not labored it; he has not argued."

THOSE who wish to establish parallels with the ancient legend may take this scheme as a guide:

General Ezra Mannon ..... Agamemnon
Christina Mannon, his wife ..... Clytemnestra
Lavinia Mannon, his daughter ..... Electra
Orin Mannon, his son ..... Orestes
Captain Brant, his wife's lover ..... Ægisthus

Mr. Hammond, older and less impressionable than the other critics, gives us this generalization:

"These fate-ridden persons are led by Mr. O'Neill through a morbidly fascinating series of experiences, including murder and suicide, and tinged with deft, Theater Guild suggestions of lust, romance, and incest.

"And he leads them so thoroughly, and so relentlessly, that even if you prefer your plays short, as I do, you will arise from your chair, as I did, and join the others in earnest salvos of appreciation. 'Mourning Becomes Electra' is described as three dramas, presented in one performance.

"But tho it may be a trilogy in the best manner of the Greeks, it is just one long, long play, almost as long and fully as interesting as 'Strange Interlude.' All that is needed to enjoy it is endurance and the spirit of an intelligent fanatic."

Mr. Brown adds this comment on the performance:

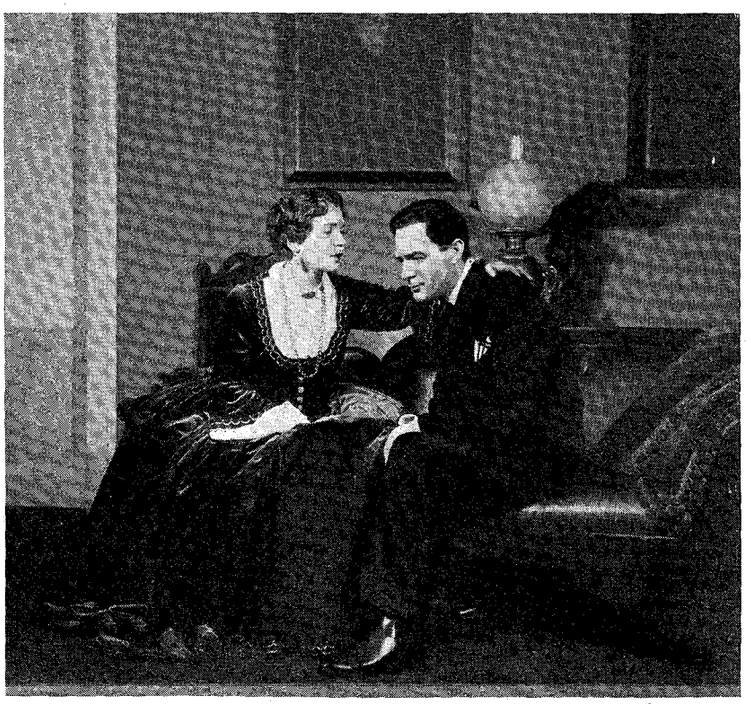
"The production the Guild has given 'Mourning Becomes Electra' is one of the most successful feats in the Guild's long career. It has been superlatively well-directed by Philip Moeller, with a fine eye for pictorial values and a shrewd sense of pace.

"Robert Edmond Jones has done his best work in recent years in his settings for the trilogy. They have the sort of luminous beauty at which he, more than any of our designers, excels. They are simple in details, rich in their atmosphere, and strong in their lines. They are, in fact, the ideal backgrounds for a tragedy that is touched with greatness.

"Madame Nazimova's *Christina* is superbly sinister, possest of an insidious and electric malevolence, and brilliant with an incandescent fire.

"As *Lavinia* Miss Brady gives the kind of performance her admirers have long been waiting to see her give. It is controlled. It has the force of the true of *Electra*. And it is sustained throughout as long and severe an actor's test as any player has been called upon to meet. The moments when she stands drest in black before the black depths of Mr. Jones's doorways are moments that no one can forget who has felt their thrill.

"Mr. Larimore's *Orin* is a vivid picture of frenzy and weakness."



Brother and Sister Come to Grief

Alice Brady and Earl Larimore "haunted" by the father's death and the mother's guilt.

## The Cover

EVEN the ships huddle together for warmth in the picture we show of the frozen North—"Svolvaer—Lofoden Islands, Norway."

The painting is one of a group from the brush of Hanz Meyer made during three trips in 1927, 1928, and 1929 to Norway and beyond. This collection, which includes, among others, studies of Spitsbergen, Magdalena Bay, and Kings Bay, depicts for the first time on canvas the strange and eerie beauty of these little-known regions. We read of him:

"Prof. Hanz Wilhelm Meyer was born in Hesse, Germany. He first studied painting for five years at the Academy in Munich. After that he traveled through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, England, and Norway, studying in the museums and galleries there, and perfecting his technique. Later he taught for a number of years in the Royal Academy in Kassel. In Germany he is especially well known for his fine work in portraiture."

## Defending Fairy Tales

MODERN psychologists have been death on fairy tales for children for so long that any apologist for them would be branded as heretic.

The New York *Evening Post* ironically suggests that "the most famous classic of children's literature be renamed 'Scandals of Mother Goose.'"

A heretic, Fritz Wittels, dares to write in the Child's Reading Number of *Child Study* an article named "An Apology for Fairy Tales," and *The Post* gives him its approval:

"The author of the 'Apology for Fairy Tales' does his best to reassure timid parents who have been almost frightened out of their senses by child experts of one kind or another. 'The fairy tale in its lovely innocence,' he explains gently, 'is in harmony with the mind of the child, compromising the wishes of the child with the demands of ethics.

"'The weak and the poor smash giants and kill villains; good men and true who die unjustly reawake to live forever; orphans are reunited with their parents. Thus we perceive that the fairy tale is an outlet, a safety-valve of which the child should not be divested.'

"We hope that parents who have clung to each other in horror as they have discovered little Mary curled up on the floor completely absorbed in the adventures of *Hänsel* and *Gretel*, will be relieved by this philosophical justification of fairy tales.

"Some rash persons would go farther and attribute to fairy tales the same kind of qualities which we admire, rather than apologize for, in imaginative literature which is enjoyed by generation after generation of adults. But these persons are obviously out of step with the psychology of our time—a psychology which has its doubts regarding *Mother Goose*, but is enthusiastic over the comic strip."

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# Maude Adams Redivivus

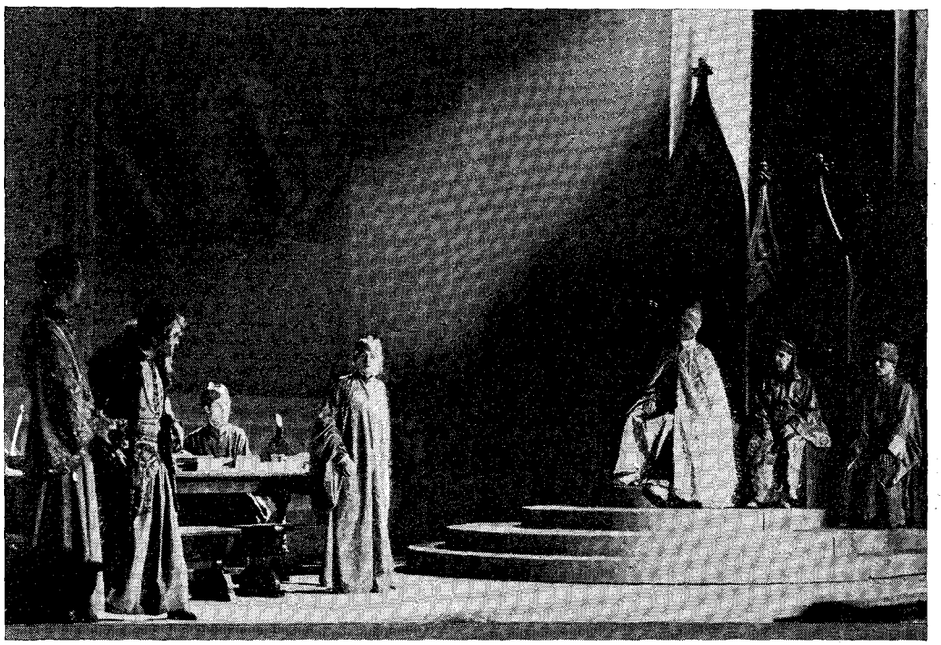
THE RETURN OF MAUDE ADAMS to the stage was an event bestowed upon Cleveland, Ohio.

And the Cleveland audience, reported "usually quiescent," greeted her, as she first appeared on the stage, with "applause lasting for several minutes longer than it has ever lasted in the memory of theater-goers."

A special dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* thus informs us.

It also adds that Miss Adams in the rôle of Shakespeare's *Portia* was somewhat incommoded by Barrie's *Peter Pan*.

"In the first scenes Miss Adams repeated the charming girlish gestures that made her so famous long ago. The audience recalled *Peter Pan*."



"The Quality of Mercy Is Not Strained"

Maude Adams reciting the great speech as "Portia" in "The Merchant of Venice."

Associated with Otis Skinner as *Shylock* in a company organized to play "The Merchant of Venice," the country at large will have the benefit of her portrayals before New York.

Thirteen years ago the well-beloved actress went into retirement, and her return will probably find her subjected to the tender mercies of critics innocent of her old spell.

George Davis of the Cleveland *Press* remarks on the "girlishness" of the early scenes:

"No doubt it's a triumph of acting that she does this so well. But it is a triumph we can't applaud. For no magic of acting can make one believe that she is so young. The effect we got was much as if some one's elderly aunt had turned cute, and her nieces hadn't yet spoken to her about it.

"Miss Adams's real success is in the court-room scene. She plays this scene admirably; she quits trying to be girlish, and merely tries to show that she is a fine actress, in which effort she is highly successful."

IN *The Plain Dealer*, William F. McDermott speaks as of the old school:

"Some of the old enchantment was there, the quick, broken smile, the caressing voice, the aura of tremulous sweetness, and that quality which Maude Adams's old admirers can only describe as radiance.

"In the opening scenes the Maude Adams that we remembered filtered through in a representation of gaiety and mischief that had the old ring.

"There was a nice feeling, too, in the trial scene, a sense of genuineness, the projection of an individuality which is the opposite of commonplace. She plays this crucial scene differently from any other actress of these times.

"All recent players of the part give the impression that the trial scene is a kind of game of which they alone have the secret. Miss Adams plays it during the opening moments as if she saw no way out of the dilemma, and was destined to see her lover's life pay the forfeit. She reads the bond and her face lights with a sudden exultation. On the inspiration of the moment she has found the answer.

"Other actresses have always played this scene as if the ancient doctor of laws in Padua had thought up that quibble about requiring the pound of flesh forfeited to be an exact pound. Playing it as if *Portia* had figured it out at a moment of great extremity, Miss Adams is able to get an unusual effect into the scene, and one that she is temperamentally capable of playing well.

"There are fine qualities in Miss Adams's *Portia* of sweetness and charm, of pauses and words aptly spoken that have in them some touch of the electric. The sheer competence of her acting, so well-timed, so deeply calculated, so true in detail, gives a kind of pleasure.

"Perhaps we should not expect a miracle. Perhaps we should not expect Miss Adams to be exempt from the ordinary changes made by passing years.

"But somehow many of us do. It should not have been disturbing to see that Miss Adams is not immune from the processes of life, that she is no longer young, and that the quality of wistfulness is not the same quality at all ages."

THAT Miss Adams "heads" the company is derived from this dispatch which informs us that "she still wears high-laced shoes and has 'bossed' the rest of the cast, even giving Otis Skinner suggestions as to the interpretation of his rôle."

Ward Morehouse of the New York *Sun* went to Cleveland for the event, and gives us an account of Miss Adams at a "technical" rehearsal that has no suggestion of girlishness:

"She was firm, sharp, nervous, quick, impatient, tense and terse. Also coquettish. Now and then she tried her coquetry upon the greasiest of the electricians, and it always worked.

"She was sharp and cross when the stupidity of her crew made her so. Frail and fifty-eight, yet alert and amazingly self-sufficient!

"One instant she was pointing up at the flies; another she was crouching at the footlights. She was never still.

"She paced the stage and raced up and down the aisles, and often I found her, all sudden like, sitting in the aisle seat just across from me.

"There sat the great lady who was once the frisky *Suzanne* of 'The Masked Ball.' She was in the center of the stage, clad in a bathrobe. On one leg was a white stocking, the other a brown one; her hair was tousled. Her face, under the cruel light, was worn. She looked all her fifty-eight years. The first glimpse was a shock.

"Could this little old lady be Maude Adams, the radiant Maude Adams, the mysterious? Was this creature of the nervous white hands, the chestnut-brown hair and the wrinkled throat the *Lady Babbie* of another and more fragrant age? It didn't seem possible.

"Yet when she spoke, when she moved, when she gave her staccato commands between sips of tea, the spell of her came over me, despite the tousled hair and the stockings that didn't match.

"She knew what she wanted, and she gave her orders. Now she was wistful; now she was fretful; now she was tormentingly sweet. But however she said it, whatever she said, she got action."

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# Science Finding God

ATHEISM CAN FIND LITTLE COMFORT now in science.

In spite of the assertions of an apparently dwindling school of intellectualists and of certain drawing-room scientists, it is now practically a commonplace that science has no quarrel with religion.

Religion affirms a God.

Science is coming to that assumption. The purpose and plan scientists find in the cosmos require it. It is the key to the puzzle of the universe.

In other words, scientific research has been swinging away from the notion that the universe is a vast piece of mechanism controlled by purely mechanical laws. Leading scientists are asserting, rather, that the universe has purpose and direction.

Certainly, writes Edward H. Cotton, at no time have men of science made such free confessions of faith. Mr. Cotton has gathered and edited a symposium of modern scientific opinion on the subject, "Has Science Discovered God?" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), in which he attempts to show, in his own words, that "science is discovering a God far grander and more convincing than any conceived heretofore."

Sixteen noted scientists contribute to the discussion, written in language that any layman can understand. It will not make a good text-book for atheists.

It is probably true, as has been declared by John Langdon-Davies, writes Mr. Cotton in his introduction, that the entire endeavor of research has been to find God. "Consciously or unconsciously, research has set itself to prove that the universe is more than a fortuitous concourse of atoms—it has a soul. All of which gives aid and comfort to the average man that the beauties of life have not been lost, as he may have feared, and that as an individual he may have eternal expectations."

The Teaching of Science

"Is extraordinarily like the preaching of Jesus," says Robert A. Millikan, noted Nobel prize winner in physics.

THE God envisioned by these scientists is not one that can be compacted in a creed; but, on the other hand, there is no denial of the power of faith in personal lives or of the works of organized religion. Religion remains to carry on for moral progress, while research continues its attempt to fathom the secrets of the universe—to find God in the atom. Both toil together in the service of humanity and to the glory of God.

"The fact is rather significant," says Mr. Cotton, himself a clergyman and writer, "that while God is disappearing among certain glib and jaunty writers with the naturalistic tinge, He is reappearing in the scientific mind a far more convincing, majestic reality than ever in the history of human thinking."

"The more we know about the world, the more mysterious and marvelous it becomes," says Kirtley F. Mather in his contribution to the discussion. "The arrogance which characterized so many scientists of preceding generations has given place," declares the noted geologist and chairman of the department of Geology and Geography of Harvard University, "to a true humility, admirably displayed by most of the leaders in contemporary scientific progress." As he sees it:

"The emergence of personality in the evolutionary process is an event of transcendent importance, the full meaning of which is still unappreciated. It must have occurred, however, in response to personality-producing forces in the universe. It is to these particular portions of cosmic energy that I would apply the term God.

"For me, God is the motive power which tends to produce a fine personality in a human being.

"Does God, as thus defined, deserve to be called loving or good?

"It all depends upon whether the personalities which are produced are kindly and good. If one believes that there are kindly personalities and good human beings, then one must attribute to cosmic energy the qualities which the theologian has in mind when he announces that God is love.

"Regardless of the theological implication, it is now apparent that, as Prof. H. S. Jennings expresses it, 'thoughts, ideals, purposes, are among the determining factors for the happenings in nature. Aspirations do influence the course of events.'"

"THE idea that nature is at bottom benevolent has now become well-nigh universal," says Robert A. Millikan, who won the Nobel prize in physics for isolating and measuring the ultimate unit, the electron, and for photo-electric researches:

"It is a contribution of science to religion, and a powerful extension or modification of the idea that Jesus saw so clearly and preached so persistently. He had felt that benevolence, and then preached it among men. Modern science has brought forward evidence for its belief.

"True, it has changed somewhat the conception and the emphasis, as was to have been expected, for it is this constant change in conception with the advance of thought and of knowledge that we are here attempting to follow. But the practical teaching of modern science—and it is the most insistent and effective preacher in the world to-day—is extraordinarily like the preaching of Jesus."

Concerning what ultimately becomes of the individual in the process, Dr. Millikan says that science "has added nothing and it has subtracted nothing." As he sees it:

"So far as science is concerned, religion can treat that problem precisely as it has in the past; or it can treat it in some entirely new way if it wishes. For that problem is entirely outside the field of science now, tho it need not always remain so.

"Science has undoubtedly been responsible for a certain change in religious thinking as to the relative values of individual and race salvation. For obviously by definitely introducing the most stimulating and inspiring motive for altruistic effort which has ever been introduced, namely, the motive arising from the conviction that we ourselves may be vital agents in the march of things, science has provided a reason for altruistic effort which is quite independent of the ultimate destination of the individual, and is also much more alluring to some sorts of minds than that of singing hosannas forever around the throne. To that extent science is undoubtedly influencing and changing religion quite profoundly now."

THE day was, points out Heber D. Curtis, astronomer and director of the Detroit Observatory of the University of Michigan, "when scientists looked confidently to a theory of pure mechanism, with mind, body, and soul the result of chemical and physical actions, and for a time this tendency promised to destroy religion, root and branch." This, says the man who has observed astronomical phenomena in many parts of the world, now seems far less probable than it did forty years ago. For—

"The most wonderful phenomenon of one's experience in this supremely wonderful universe is mind and personality, directing,



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controlling, creating. Even the evidences of purpose or end and gradual development in this universe are not more astonishing.

"No theory of this cosmos can be adequate which does not give some theory or hypothesis for the occurrence of these two remarkable factors. I personally can conceive no hypothesis for all this which seems so simple and satisfactory, so adequate, so in accord with existing methods of scientific inference, as those conclusions which we commonly term religion."

LET a biologist give evidence. Edwin G. Conklin, Professor of Biology at Princeton, can have nothing to do with the despairing philosophy of atheism. "The concept of universal law as applied to the world, the individual or to society, does not, when properly understood," he says, "destroy faith in God, nor human freedom and responsibility."

Courtesy of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company

"God Is the Motive Power"

"Which tends to produce a fine personality in a human being," asserts Prof. Kirtley F. Mather, Harvard geologist.

Professor Conklin believes that chance has played a large part in the evolution of worlds and of organisms; but he "can not believe that it has played the only part." He says:

"I can not understand how any one can take the long view of nature that science reveals, can follow the course of evolution from the formation of atoms to the development of man and consciousness, and still believe that it is all without plan or purpose.

"It seems to me much more probable that matter, energy, life, and mind—that the principles, laws and, in general, the order of nature are evidences of the immanence of some plan in this universal mechanism which we call 'nature.'

"Here is, after all, the point from which one takes the path that leads to hope or to despair. If there is no purpose in the universe, then indeed there is no God and no good.

"But if there is a plan, if there is purpose in nature and in human life, then we may feel confident that it is the imperfection of our own mental vision that leads us sometimes to cry, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'

"No one can furnish scientific proof of the existence or nature of God, but atheism leads to fatalism and despair, while theism leads to faith and hope and love. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Science can not solve the great mysteries of our existence —who we are, whither we are bound, what it all means.

"Faith alone assures us that there is definite purpose in all experience. This knowledge makes life worth living and service a privilege."

AN English psychologist, William McDougall, leaves the question somewhat in the air, tho he inclines strongly to theistic belief. He writes that—

"Psychology, in my view, affords convincing evidence of the reality and efficacy of Mind in Nature; and it affords strong, tho not conclusive, evidence that mental organization is not wholly dependent upon the physical structure of the human organism. Suppose these indications to be confirmed:—What, if any, would be their bearing on the problem of theism?

"So far as I can see, the bearing would be what I would call permissive only. Demonstration of the reality and of the causal efficacy in Nature of Mind or Spirit (as we know it in ourselves) and of its relative (at least) independence of the physical realm, would give countenance to the assumption of Mind or Spirit existing and operating on a vaster scale of influence and of efficacy of directive and creative power; and that, I take it, is the fundamental assumption of all theism. But it would not in itself amount to proof or even to evidence of this assumption."

# The Church's Work for the Sick

MORE THAN ONE OF EVERY EIGHT hospital beds in the United States is under church auspices.

Nearly one-fourth of all the capital invested in hospitals in this country has been donated by religious organizations.

The total investment in hospitals is estimated at about $3,000,000,000, and the total number of beds at 892,934.

This is the report of Dr. C. Rufus Rorem, of the research staff of the Committee on Costs of Medical Care, of which Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, is chairman.

Church hospitals, Dr. Rorem recites further, have more than 115,000 beds, and represent a cost of about $680,000,000.

A summary of the report made by *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* shows that—

Wide World photograph

"Theism Leads to Faith"

Says Prof. E. G. Conklin, Princeton biologist, and "faith alone assures us that there is definite purpose in all experience."

"Illinois has 78 out of the 1,056 church hospitals in the country — more than any other State.

"New York has 52, Wisconsin has 50, Iowa has 41, Minnesota has 40, Ohio has 37, Kansas has 35, Missouri has 33, and California has 31.

"Every State has at least one general hospital under the direction of some religious denomination.

"The greater part of the church institutions, or 841 out of 1,056, are general hospitals, the others being devoted to varied specialized departments. The Catholic nursing orders have charge of 624 of the church hospitals. Deaconesses serve in some of the Episcopal, Lutheran, and Methodist institutions, but in most instances the Protestant hospitals utilize lay help.

"Most church hospitals have both free wards and paying patients. Earnings are sometimes sufficient to pay expenses, including interest on invested or borrowed capital and depreciation, but church hospitals, like others, nearly always operate on a deficit which has to be made up by contributions."

FOR all normal purposes, we read, the country has probably enough hospital beds, tho the hospitals are so distributed that many millions of the population do not have easy access to them.

The country as a whole, it is reported, has one hospital bed to every 317 of the population. The Central Northwestern States have exactly this average, and the Central Western States have 318, or one more than the average. The Far-Western States, with one bed for each 232 of population, are the best provided for; the North and North Atlantic States, with one bed for each 245, come next, and the South and South Atlantic States, with only one bed for each 539 possible patients, come last.

Hospitals are not a profitable industry, we are told. They seem expensive enough in proportion to the average patient's income, but fees are rarely enough to pay operating expenses and overhead charges.

Of the total capital investment in hospitals, 91 per cent. is provided either by the Federal, State, and local governments or by non-profit associations, with governments and private organizations each furnishing about half. Acute diseases account for about two-thirds of the hospital investment, and nervous and mental cases for a large proportion of the remainder.

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# The First "Shot"

LEAVE IT ALONE.

For the cure of drug addiction is declared practically impossible.

Moreover, the traffic is so profitable to governments and individuals alike that the League of Nations has been able to do little to end it.

So avoid the first "shot." Afterwards there is little hope.

If ever the addict had a chance of rehabilitation that would be permanent, it is no longer probable, or in most instances even possible, finds Martin Conboy, after investigation. Mr. Conboy was requested by Governor Roosevelt to report on the drug traffic in New York State. As summarized and commented upon by a writer in *America* (Roman Catholic), it is not an encouraging report.

Bad associations and criminal habits are found to be the chief causes of addiction. In all of 632 men examined at the Custodial Hospital on Welfare Island, New York City, in 1927 and 1928, we read, "the beginning of addiction is attributed to 'bad association.' None is assigned to pain or ill health as accounting for the habit. This can mean only that the whole addiction history is associated with the illicit traffic."

And this is the result:

"In the police bureaus, in the courts, in the department of correction, those who are in contact with 'antisocial' addiction have come to regard as futile any hope of cure and to rate confirmed addicts of this class as waste humanity.

"One official of long experience puts it that 'there is more gain to the community in preventing one person from becoming an addict than in all that can be done for those who have become addicts.'"

THE traffic is reported to be "gigantic," and the writer notes that the Harrison Antinarcotic Act has in some ways proved to be a boomerang. "The field left open by the reduction of importation under the Harrison Act was immediately invaded by smugglers and distributers of drugs, and for fifteen years there has been persistent effort to drive them out. The effort has not been successful."

What, then, is international action doing to stop the traffic?

It is generally conceded, we are told, that the Conference on the Limitation of the Manufacture of Narcotic Drugs held in Geneva last summer accomplished more than has been previously accomplished toward grappling with the illicit traffic. It was hampered by the fact that some quantities of all drugs are medically beneficial, and that all the traffic is incredibly profitable, to governments as well as individuals.

The old idea of assigning quotas was abandoned because it was impossible to agree on how much should be assigned to each country. So, we read, the scheme for free purchase in an open market, combined with the limitation of manufacture, according to the bona-fide needs of each of the importing countries, was adopted, after many modifications and revisions.

THE world's requirements in narcotics was not determined, and in that respect, says the writer, the conference was criticized as falling short.

However, no new drugs may be placed on the market and freely sold unless they are not habit-forming. "The limelight is thrown on the drug situation in every country, and, for the first time, confiscated drugs, even if not wholly destroyed, are at least accounted for."

By July, we read, thirty-six countries, including France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and the United States, had signed, pending ratification:

"But such outside aids can not free us from the job of investigating, as Mr. Conboy suggests, vastly deeper than has been done heretofore, the social, psychological, and moral factors that lead to drug addiction.

"When fully understood, the drug problem will be found to be linked up with all the weak points of our modern social and religious or non-religious condition."

# Tolerance in Turkey

LIBERTY OF WORSHIP HAS BEEN established in Turkey, but it appears to manifest itself largely in indifference, unless Christian propaganda is concerned.

In that case, we are told, there is strong protest, sometimes followed by persecution. This, says the Constantinople correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, particularly affects many foreign institutions, especially institutions of education, which are mostly Christian missionary foundations, and draw their support ostensibly for religious purposes.

From a Moslem point of view, continues the writer, Angora's claim to have established religious liberty is fully tenable. On the other hand, monastic association is denied, and the Angora leaders have abandoned the profession and practise of Islamism. This spirit of indifferentism, we are told, has penetrated the majority of the educated class:

"Nevertheless, there is no interference with religious worship, and the mosques are still well frequented by the working and lower middle-classes. Six thousand clergy, hodjas and imams and muezzins, are paid out of the budget of the State, and this is not to be changed, tho there has been some protest lately in the Assembly against religion being still a budget charge.

"The Angora leaders do not think it advisable for the organization of religion to be outside State control. It gives them a better hold on the possible vagaries of some of the preachers. They have had too bitter experience of religious intrigues against them to be willing as yet wholly to disestablish religion.

"But its semiestablishment does not mean its State recognition. It is really a police measure."

ON the whole, *The Guardian's* correspondent finds an intellectualist, materialist, modernist spirit, together with a natural reaction against all that was the foundation of the Imperial régime. "Imitation of European indifferentism and materialist preoccupations," he says, "is largely responsible for this spirit."

When it comes to interreligious propaganda, the question, we are told, is very different:

"Here the Turks remain extremely sensitive. Recently there have been several cases of protests and police investigations regarding supposed conversions to Christianity effected by foreign educational institutions.

"Whenever such cases arise—and they are generally doubtful cases arising from mixed or doubtful parentage—there is a popular call for the expulsion of foreign educational orders and establishments.

"But the Government pays little attention, as it knows how useful such establishments have been and are to an undereducated country. Still, it sends investigators, and sometimes favors the idea of requiring that the directors of such institutions shall be Turks.

"It is, in fact, forced by public opinion to deny and prevent all liberty of religious propaganda. The argument on which this denial is justified is that conversion means denationalization, and Angora's main preoccupation is to keep all its citizens very Turkish and national.

"Nevertheless, a certain amount of Christian propaganda does go on in a small way. The New Testament is now being translated into the new Turkish language by a committee in which Turks take part. Two gospels have been completed and published in cheap form, with attractive colored picture covers of Eastern scenes.

"In the provinces it is found that parts of the Old Testament are more easy to distribute than they were. But there is a racial obstinacy against any philosophic or argumentative comparison of religions, and the exclusivist hauteur of Islam remains the main reaction to any kind of deliberate propaganda for another faith."

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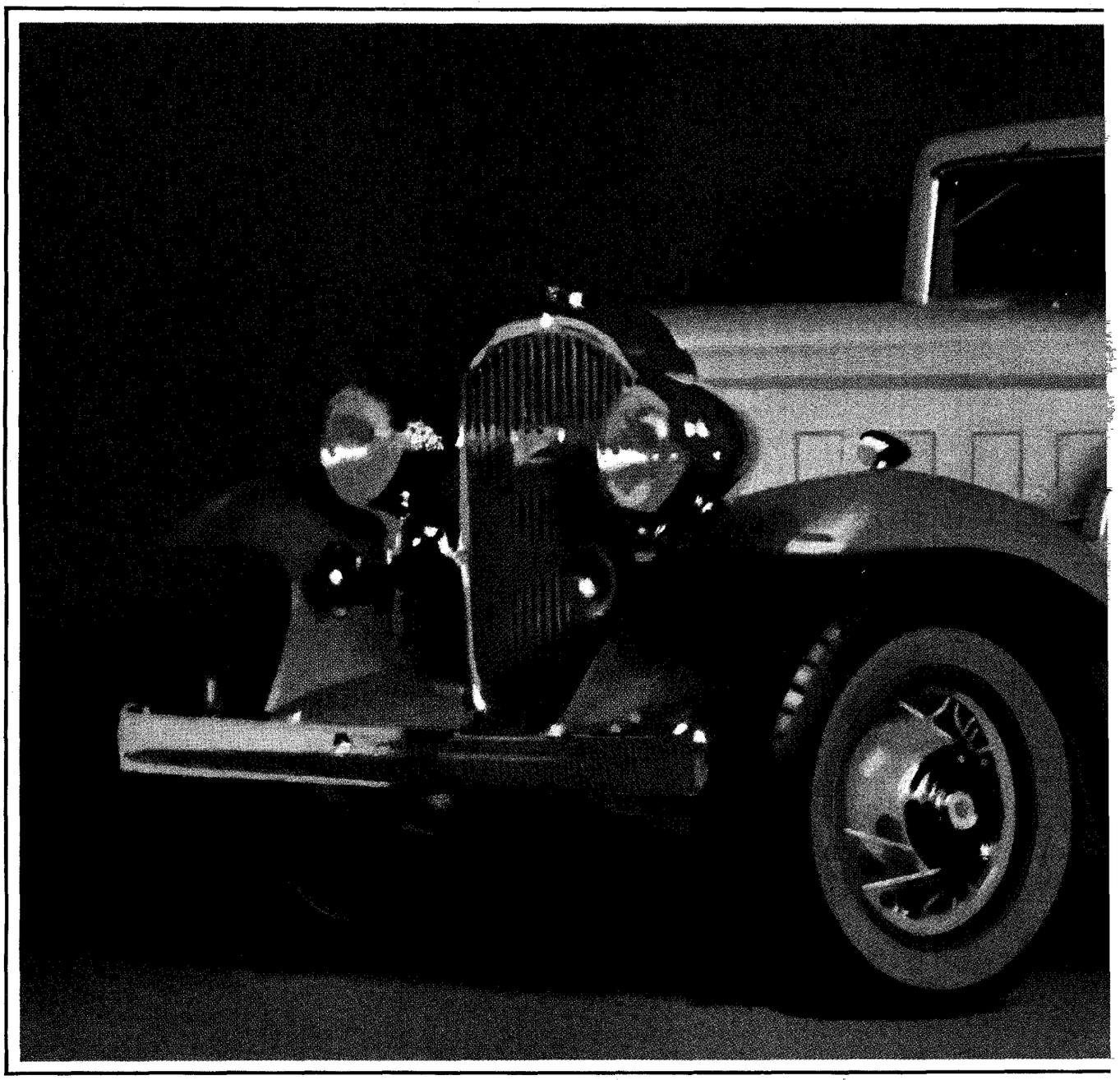
# THE OUTSTANDING

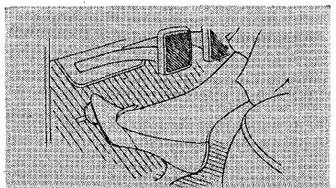


*When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them*

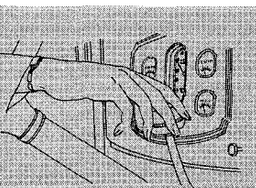
## Four brilliant new Eights (26 models) with the fin

the Wizard control

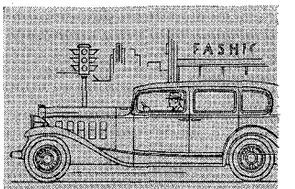
THE WIZARD CONTROL—greatest achievement since the self starter, combining three great new features—Automatic Clutch, Free Wheeling, Silent-Second, Syncro-Mesh Transmission—imparting wonderful new ease and pleasure to driving.



NEW AUTOMATIC CLUTCH—vital feature of Buick's new system of car operation and management—Wizard Control—making possible swift, easy shifting of all gears—first, second, third or reverse—without using the clutch pedal.



NEW SILENT-SECOND SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION—One of the outstanding engineering achievements of the decade, now improved by the addition of Helical Gears—imparting, not only a truly silent second speed, but thrilling new getaway.



NEW AND ADVANCED FREE WHEELING—coasting advantages, when and as de always under positive control. Pe ting instantaneous change from Wheeling to Conventional Drive o versa at the will of the driver.

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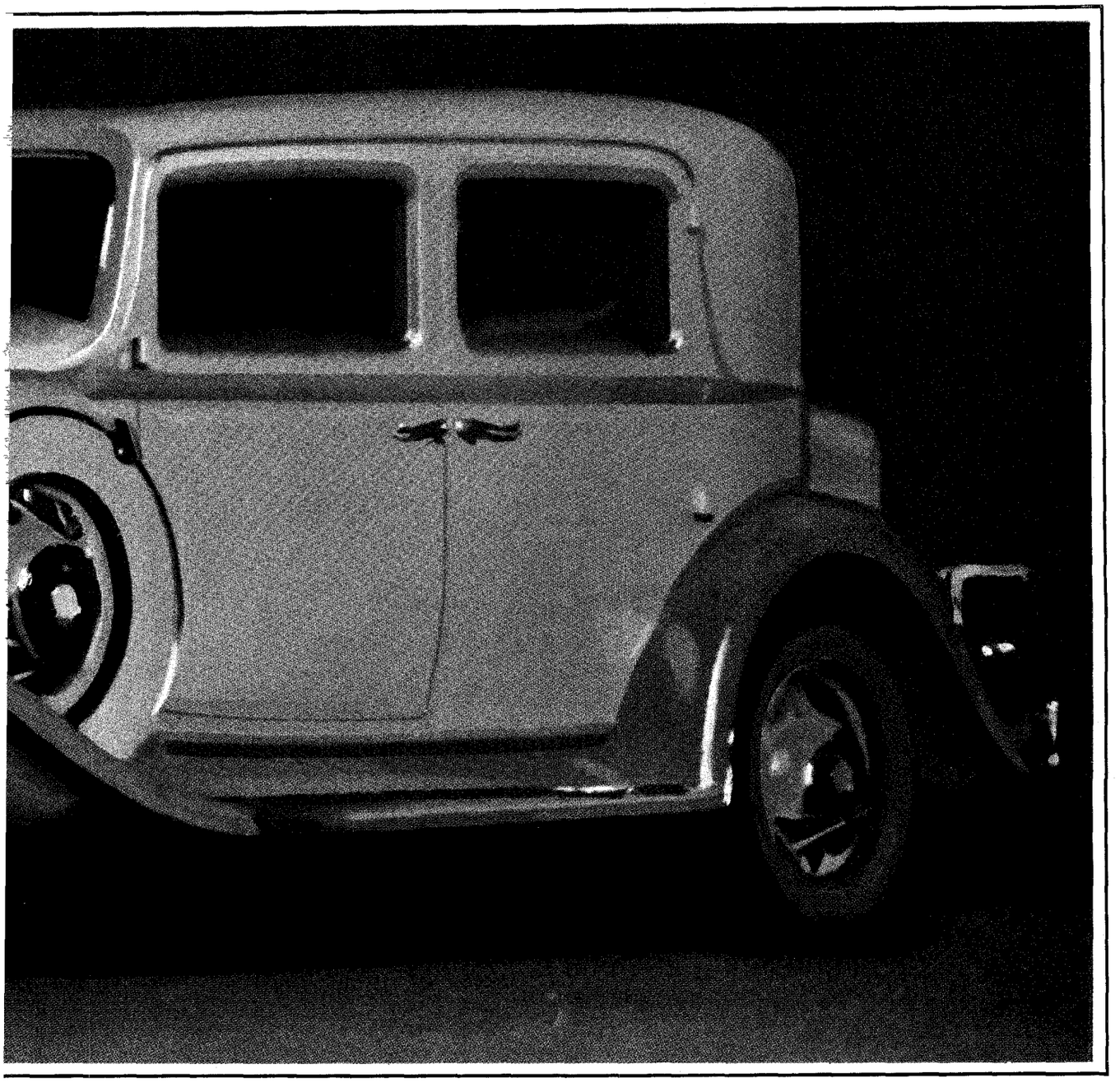
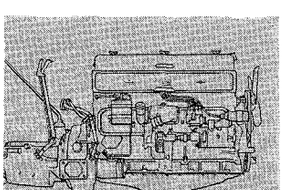
NOVEMBER 21, 1931

# BUICK OF ALL TIME

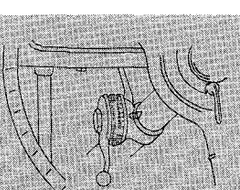


*Product of General Motors*

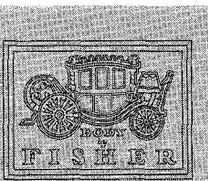
## ray of advancements in Buick's 28-year history



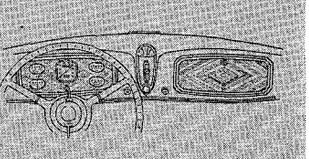
**V BUICK VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT HT ENGINE**—(High compression head nal without extra cost)—providing ntirely new order of swift, smooth, erful performance plus traditional k stamina and dependability.



**NEW RIDE REGULATOR**—permitting such precise adjustment of shock absorbers that the driver may choose his ride to meet varying road conditions, number of passengers and car speed. (Available on Models 32-56 and 32-57 at extra cost.)




**NEWLY-STYLED BODIES BY FISHER**—Achieving an entirely new effect of length, lowness, luxury. New colors, newly-designed radiator, lamps, fenders and hood doors, all combining to form an ensemble of surpassing smartness and distinction.



**NEW, MODERNIZED INSTRUMENT PANEL**—A distinct advance over previous types—with instruments directly in front of driver for maximum visibility—controls in center—and a spacious built-in convenience compartment for storing valuables.

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# CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A FINE feeling for nature and also, in the second, a fine sense of the reasonableness of life. Both from *America* (New York):

## PINE TREE SHADE

By Charles Phillips

No shade like pine tree shade, cool, rich and deep.
This is not darkness but withholding light,
Pure silence, restful calm, untouched delight,
Dawn quiet and the ease of long earned sleep.
Here we will stop awhile. The world will keep.
No stir, no hurry here. The far off flight
Of one lone bird above the airy height
Of the topmost pine is soundless in its sweep.

No shade like pine tree shade. The lacy willow
Traces a weaving pattern on the grass,
The trembling maples flood the leafy glade
With tides of light. But here is a green pillow
Under the pines in this cool canyon pass.
Here we can rest. No shade like pine tree shade.

## ARBUTUS

By Charles Phillips

We talked late into the night of books, the making
And marketing of them. The boy was bitter.
"I tell you no, I'm through, and I'm no quitter.
I'm through with hawking door to door, with taking
My heart's blood 'round to publishers, and quaking
For fear they'll turn me down."

One, quiet sitter,
Silent till then, spoke up. "But it were fitter,
To be like these—" his lean old hand was shaking,
Fingering softly the wild arbutus spray
I'd found that morning in the woods. "They're sweet
And that pale delicate flush! But they have grown
Lovely among dead leaves,—kept themselves gay
Though they've been trampled on by some rude feet—
Content to grow till they were found and known."

---

THE whole case of rivers is not covered—witness the swift and deadly ones—but as far as it goes the poem in the New York *American* is good observation:

## RIVERS

By Minnie Hite Moody

Rivers wander,
Rivers sleep,
Some are shallow,
Some are deep.

Some are snared
By vine and cress,
Some lie lost
In muddiness.

This one takes
A narrow way,
That one dances
Night and day.

Here one sings;
There one cries;
Yet another
Laughs and dies.

Younger rivers
Stray at will,
Old ones sit
Brown and still.

Rivers brood,
Rivers fuss:
I find rivers
Just like us!

IN *Poetry* (Chicago), the Negro poet gives us two authentic pictures of racial life:

## SYLVESTER'S DYING BED

By Langston Hughes

I woke up this mornin'
'Bout half-past three.
All de womens in town
Was gathered round me.

Sweet gals was a-moanin',
"Sylvester's gonna die!"
An' a hundred pretty mamas
Bowed their heads to cry.

I woke up little later
'Bout half-past fo'.
De doctor 'n' undertaker's
Both at ma do'.

Black gals was a-beggin',
"You can't leave us here!"
Brown-skins cryin' "Daddy!
Honey! Baby! Don't go, dear!"

But I felt ma time's a-comin',
An' I know'd I's dyin' fast.
I seed de River Jerden
A-creepin' muddy past—
But I's still Sweet Papa 'Vester,
Yes, sir! Long as life do last!

So I hollers, "Com'ere, babies,
Fo' to love yo' daddy right!"
An' I reaches up to hug 'em—
When de Lawd put out de light.

Then ever'thing was darkness
In a great . . . big . . . night.

## SAILOR

By Langston Hughes

He sat upon the rolling deck
Half a world away from home,
And smoked a Capstan cigarette
And watched the blue waves tipped with foam.

He had a mermaid on his arm,
An anchor on his breast,
And tattooed on his back he had
A blue bird in a nest.

---

MR. ROBINSON pictures in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* the throes of the poet, and rather implies that more such practitioners might take their labor for their pains, and not seek to publish:

## TECHNIQUE

By Ted Robinson

(Dear Mr. R.: How do you write a poem?—J. T. C.)

First I point my pencils taper, and I get a lot of paper,
Then I light a cigarette;
Then I read the notes I've jotted in a notebook, soiled and blotted—
But I cannot find it yet.
Then I gaze upon the backs of all the books that there are stacks of
On the shelves and chairs and floor;
But I don't appear to see a single ghost of an idea,
So I smoke a little more.

Then I ramble up and down and screw my features to a frown and
Rumple up my grizzled hair;
Then I stare for half an hour at the sad September shower—
There's no inspiration there.
So I read a magazine or two to make my thinking keener—
Then I get a sudden shock
As the noontime whistles blowing and the workers lunchward going
Warn me that it's twelve o'clock.

Just a pattern's what one wants, hence I must write a line of nonsense
In the meter that I pick—
When it's written down, perhaps it may make sense, and so I slaps it
Down, and tries to make it stick.
Line by line the verse comes crawling, till it's done as night is falling.
(And there's every likelihood
Had there come to me, who made it, just a gleam of sense to aid it,
That is might have turned out good!)

---

A HOMELY picture this, but one that a simple community can sometimes verify. Printed in *The American Boy* (Detroit):

## BY THEIR FRUITS

By Sadie Seagrave

A queer old man was Christopher Jones—
Minded his business, never threw stones;
Quoted Euripides; lived in a shack;
Planted petunias in crevice and crack;
Joked with the children; bragged of our street;
Wore a felt hat in sunshine or sleet;
Whistled and sang; worked when he would;
"Wouldn't be rich," said he, "if I could."
Knew the book name of all of his bones—
A queer old man was Christopher Jones.

When the street got flu, "I'll nuss 'em," said he;
"A right good task for a man like me,
Kinless and homeless." So up and down
The burdened street of our little town
Went Christopher Jones—nor man nor child
But raised his head when the old man smiled.

Christopher Jones is laid on his bier,
And this whole neighborhood's acting queer.

---

ONE who stands up for New England and gives us pictures that seem to prove that it's misunderstood. From *Poetry* (Chicago):

## HILLS RUDDY WITH SUMACH

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

Of New England,
Men who have never been there
Say that it is hard, cold, and iron;
Cold as the Pilgrim forefathers,
Hard as their courage,
Iron as the discipline of their hearts.

Of Massachusetts,
Men who have never seen it
Say that it is dour, stern and rigid;
Dour as the conscience of a Puritan,
Rigid as the mind of a Puritan,
Stern as his uncompromising will.

They have never, then, gone from Plymouth to Scituate in the fragile and tender springtime
When the first stars of the wildflowers—
Mayflowers (the ship's name was *Mayflower*)
Violets, anemones—
Are scattered in the young grass.

They can never have tramped, then, blowing Cape Cod dunes in late August,
When the wind, always with a tang of salt, ruffles the white daisies,
When the wind, always from the sea, ruffles the Queen Anne's lace and the yarrow,
Stirs like waves the wild indigo, the yellow sweet-clover,
Ripples through the steeplebush, mustard, ragged robin,
Blowing always from the sea.

They can never have breathed deeply the sharp, harshly fine air of Duxbury salt marshes in the autumn
(Behind, hills are yellow with goldenrod, purple with asters;
Behind, hills are ruddy with sumach, red with chokeberry,
And the grim Rock out of sight around the corner)
When the herring gulls dip and plunge, shrieking discordantly as cymbals,
When the great herons rise slowly and leisurely out of the green bending grasses,
And the brant pause, turning south.

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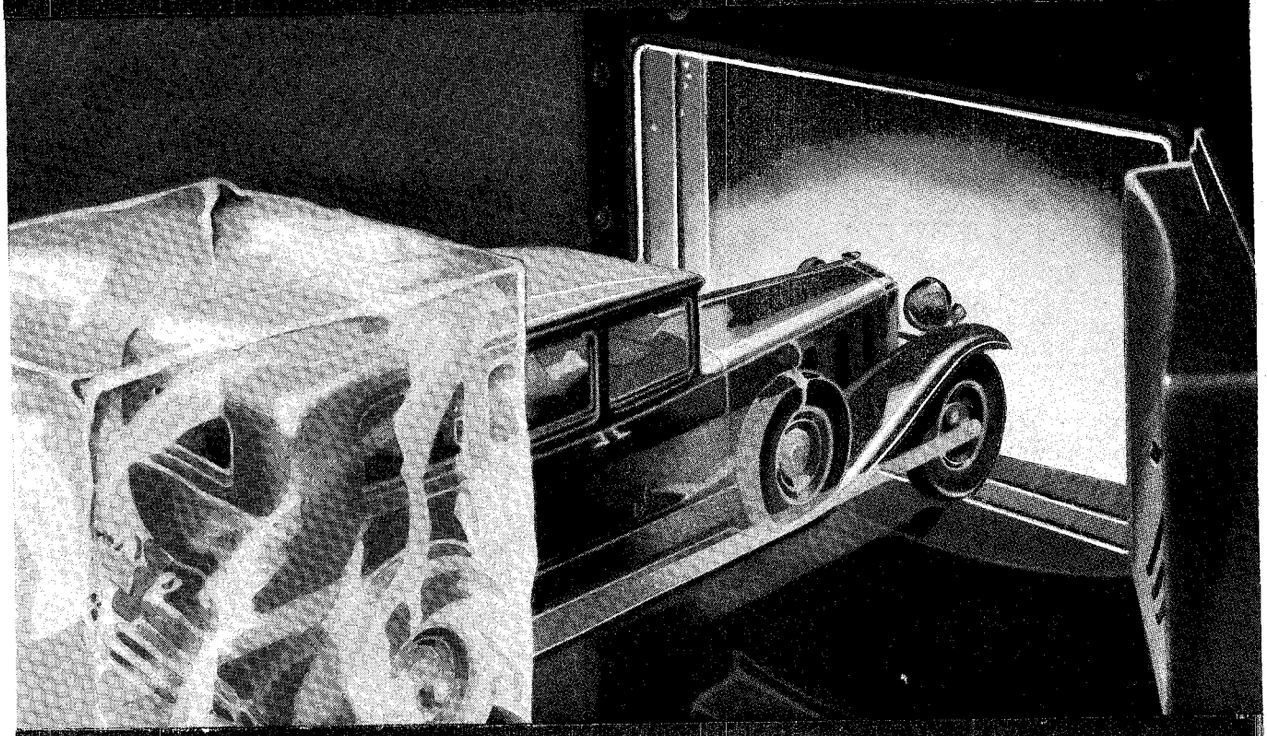
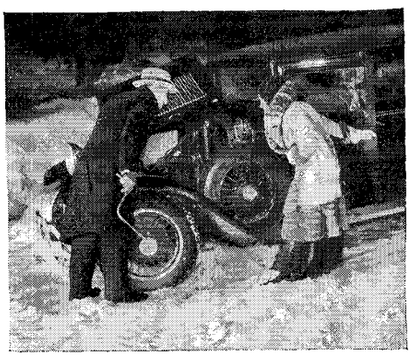
# QUICK START below zero -



# FULL PROTECTION at 400°F !

## *That's why it's the Biggest-selling Winter Oil*



2 A. M. Dance over. Left car parked in freezing cold. Oil in crankcase stiff. Starter dies trying to spin engine. "No more of this!" they decide. "We'll change to Mobiloil Arctic!"

Let temperatures go down to freezing! To zero! Below zero!

With "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic in your crankcase you'll get quick starting. Your starter won't have to grind and groan, draining your battery as it tries to turn over your engine.

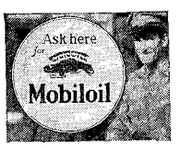
On cold days Mobiloil Arctic does not lag behind, cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It circulates immediately. Result, even below zero — Mobiloil Arctic gives you instant oil circulation and a quick start.

Yet just a few minutes after you start, your oil must face another test. It must stand up under severe heat! Engine temperatures may soar to 400° F.! That's when many so-called "winter oils" thin out. They don't stand up under heat.

But Mobiloil Arctic does stand up! It stands up because it is a "double-range" winter oil. You get easy starting for your cold engine — *and* — full protection when your engine gets hot.

Ask your Mobiloil dealer to prepare your car for winter—change your oil to Mobiloil Arctic. For easy shifting, ask for Mobiloil "CW" in your gears.

# Mobiloil Arctic




## VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.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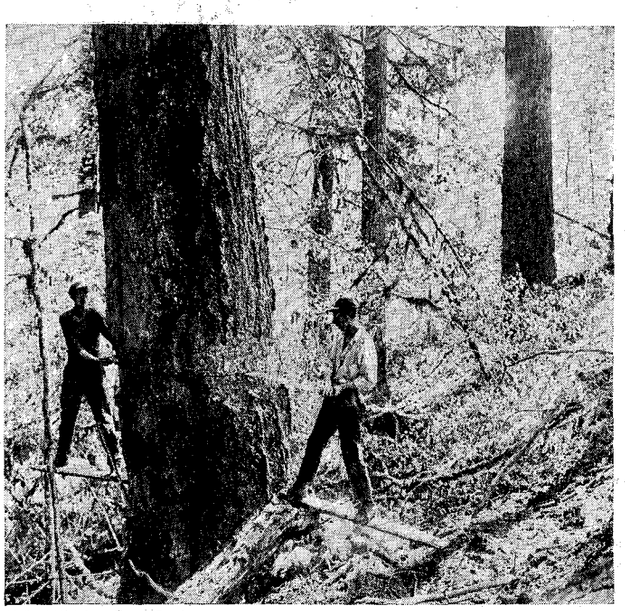
# Thus Paul Bunyan's Sons Gamble With Death

SHE'S GOING! . . . TIMBER! The big Douglas fir, monarch of the Northwest forest, trembles and sags.

*Cr-r-a-a-ack!* A heart-string of nature one imagines might snap with that rending, echoing snarl.

A tone unlike any other, it makes the heart stand still.



Photographs from Brown Brothers

"Only God Can Make a Tree," Sang a Poet; but a Pair of Lumberjacks Can Unmake One in Short Order

The silent forest thrills to its despair and menace.

Wild things "freeze into instant alertness or spurt forth like living bullets to get out of range."

"Timber!" the lumberjack's warning cry rings out again.

Fallers and buckers—sturdy sons of fantasmal Paul Bunyan, the Hercules of lumberjack folklore—have leaped for safety—"as well as men can leap in the mountainous brush far back in the forest jungle."

And now the debacle. The venerable monarch, gnawed through by ax and saw, plunges down in a majestic arc, amid appalling uncertainty as to its destructive caprice.

With an earth-shaking "*Crash . . . Boom!*" relates an anonymous writer in *The World's Work*, "the giant Douglas fir, mightiest tree of the big woods, thundered to the ground."

Nor is the tragedy of the tree the sole tragedy wrought by its collapse, for now we are given this flash of drama:

"Look out—that side-winder! . . . Gosh! it got him."

Wrecking everything in its path, the big tree had snapt off another tree like a matchstick, and lay stretched far down the steep, timbered slope. One man was too late, or too unlucky, to get in the clear. The others saw him fall, got him out with surprizing quickness. A hush settled upon them as they realized it was useless to administer first aid.

Swiftly the word went round. And tho it was all a part of life in the roughest timber country in America, the men were silent and awed when they picked up their axes and saws again. All were thinking the same thing, brooding over the chances men who invade the forests must take, wondering who would be next.

They have a saying, these fatalistic lumberjacks, that another man follows the way of the first, once a killing occurs, and the *World's Work* writer quotes the woods bosses in the long-log country as declaring that the men, when death is in the air, become anxious, overcautious—and "It don't do to be afraid out here. Something always happens if you are." On the other hand, "You can't be reckless, neither."

Which recalls the remark of "a more educated observer" that what lumberjacks need in their business is "a certain nonchalance."

It is hard to give a name to it, confesses the writer, but "every lumberjack is master of the woods when he goes in. If he loses that notion, 'gets funny,' he'd better lay off for a while." With which we return to the man-killing Douglas fir:

The big tree was down and the work only started. They had to "get the logs out." Across the canyon the big "skidder" roared its challenge. Great armlike booms and long, steel sinews, necessary now to make the lumberjack's job possible, were ready to try their skill once more against the forest giants.

So the "buckers" started to work. The 300-foot fir, fourteen feet through, was lying on a grade, and if one of the forty- or sixty-foot logs cut from it happened to roll—well, that "other man" might find his turn had come.

Incidentally, such a lay can be dangerous in other ways—for instance, if there's a grudge to pay off.

Not much of that sort of thing nowadays, however; the men are too busy. They are paid by the piece, and they are out to "make it." Besides, they have their hands full fighting the woods.

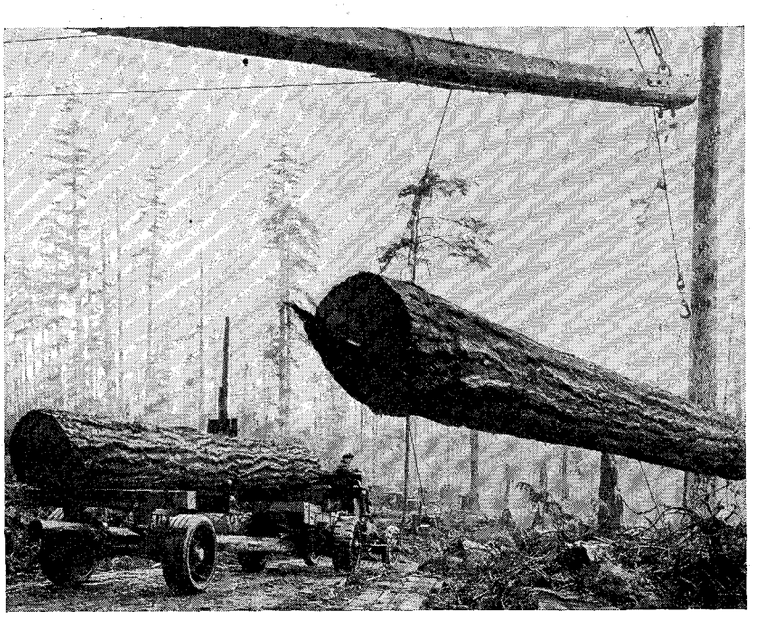
Once in a while, of course—there's a fight they still talk about.

Between two buckers, it was. A burly veteran watched his chance and cut his log for a roll. The man it was intended to crush was at the moment only a little way down, and the grade was steep. He didn't see it, but others who did yelled a warning. His one leap saved him from extinction by just about an inch. He came up the hill fighting—superintendents and bosses mattered little just then.

He was almost as husky as the other, fully as tough, somewhat younger, and a whole lot madder. But he faced one of the worst old-time fighters of the woods. He risked terrible maiming, or more.

The two fought it out in the brush. This is no place for details of lumberjack fights, but neither of the men got stomped in the face with "the corks." The younger man was too fast, and his fists alone sufficed to slug the big bucker into gory, ugly defeat.

IT is surprizing, exclaims the *World's Work* writer, "how tough buckers can be. Fallers, too. A certain brawny young



How Would You Like This One to Bump You in the Eye?



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# *How a refrigerator manufacturer holds regular country-wide sales conferences*

# BY TELEPHONE

*The field representative may be thousands of miles away, but conferences with executives are held as readily as though he were in the home office.*

The Kelvinator Corporation is successfully cutting sales costs by maintaining personal contacts regularly with its sales representatives in all parts of the country . . . *by telephone*. Its profits in the last fiscal year increased 31 per cent.

The president says: "The increase in profits is the result of lower selling costs and increased economy. These factors of economy and efficiency are combined in your service and account for our liberal use of the telephone."

The telephone sales conferences are held Friday afternoons, each district manager calling in at a certain time. Telephones in the Detroit headquarters are so arranged that the chief sales executives are on the line at the same time. General discussions are thus held as easily as though all the men were face to face. Problems are considered from every angle. Decisions are given promptly. In minutes, the executives have a complete picture of how their entire organization is functioning.

Using Long Distance is an investment that pays big dividends in time saved and results achieved. Typical station-to-station day rates: Indianapolis to Louisville, 65c; New York to Cleveland, $1.80; Portland, Ore. to San Francisco, $3.45; Philadelphia to New Orleans, $4.

*The Bell System has developed a Telephone Plan of Market Coverage to help its customers increase their business and cut costs. An experienced telephone representative will gladly custom-fit its features to the specific needs of your company.*

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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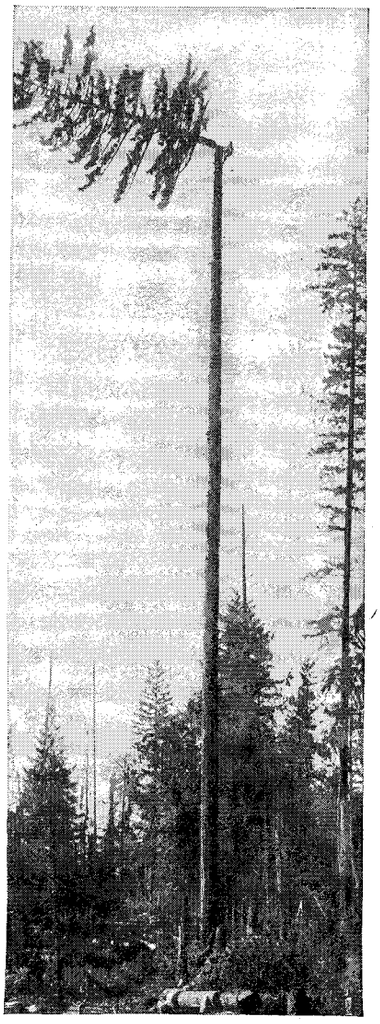
fellow—athlete, hunter, mountain climber—took a job in the woods. They put him to falling. On the other end of the saw was a wizened old man, apparently too thin and scrawny to stand the work of the woods." But was the old fellow fit? Listen:



"Topping" a Douglas Fir

This well-known photograph gives an incomparable view at the critical moment of that dangerous operation.

As the day wore on the big fellow's back became lame, his arms dragged as if weighted, and hours before quitting time the saw had become a thing of torture. But the little old fellow on the other end kept sawing away, and only the whistle saved the athlete from collapse.

When a big fir is bucked, or cut, into forty-foot logs, the falling and bucking crew moves on, and later the rigging crew takes up the job. The choker-setter is the man who puts the "necktie" on the log, or fastens the steel choker before giving the "high-ball" to the "whistle punk." The whistle punk, the chap who handles the whistle wire, relays the signal at the proper time to the engineer, who is out of sight of the men in the woods.

Then, when the main line tightens, something like one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of log rises out of the brush and hurtles toward the head tree, with Danger riding the "turns." That log may become a wild thing that can annihilate humans like so many ants.

For this is the Douglas-fir country, from the summits of the Cascade Mountains westward to the sea. There are almost thirty-five million acres of timber in Oregon and Washington; some two hundred and seventy-two thousand men are employed by the lumber industry in those two States.

It is the real "back of beyond" country, and even Paul Bunyan, mighty hero of the lumberjack world—the great Paul, who one morning attacked a forest single-handed, and cleared a site for the city of Montreal before breakfast time—even he might have some trouble with the Douglas-fir country.

Woods bosses say it is the personal element that is to blame for most of the men lost, but after all, a place where trees from five to fifteen feet through, and as high as a twenty-five-story building topple, where steel cables reaching out two thousand feet into the forest may suddenly come taut and slash out life at a single blow, where monstrous logs may swerve crazily and knock a whole crew into oblivion, where men climb hundreds of feet to the top of "spar trees," taking their lives in their hands each time, or where a forest fire may endanger the whole camp—such a place is not the safest in the world.

INDEED, this observer classes lumbering in the great Northwest as "probably the most hazardous occupation in the United States." He admits, however, that:

The bosses may be right as to the "personal element." Consider, for instance, the high climber who worked his way up a tree to a dizzy height, topped it at about two hundred feet, and had the satisfaction of seeing it fall clear. Then, when the big trunk had ceased its crazy swaying, he balanced on the flat top and stood on his head.

The high-climber gets the biggest pay in the woods. He climbs, trims, tops, and "rigs up" the trees to which the steel lines are attached, and no high-climber knows which tree may be his last.

His very life-belt may be his worst hazard. If he cuts it by mistake, back and down he plunges. Or if the tree splits and spreads as the big top falls, his life-belt may squeeze his life out against the trunk.

Quick thinking sometimes saves him.

A high-climber in Oregon demonstrated that not long ago. He was up an unusually tall tree, with an extra-heavy top. The tree split as the top started down. Frantically he cut the belt from around him, and in the act of falling backward, sank his ax in the tree's trunk. Then, tho the tree jerked violently, he managed to hold on, with only ax and spurs to save him.

That's fast work. And there is fast work, too, in the annual "rolleo" contests, for rivalry is keen. Speed is the essence of that sport, as the climbers go up the great spar trees, top them, and race down again in death-defying leaps.

The best of the outfits in all Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia compete in these contests, and the logging camps are deserted. On July 4 of this year Mike Palanuk won the championship; it took him 7 minutes and 25 seconds to scamper up his tree, top it, and slither back to earth. Try that some time on a 150-foot fir.

Experienced men cite a curious fact: that accidents have a way of happening at eleven o'clock in the morning or four in the afternoon, or on Mondays—at times when there's apt to be a physical letdown. The very last load in, or the last log bucked, or loaded, sometimes takes its toll of lumberjacks off guard. Here is an instance:

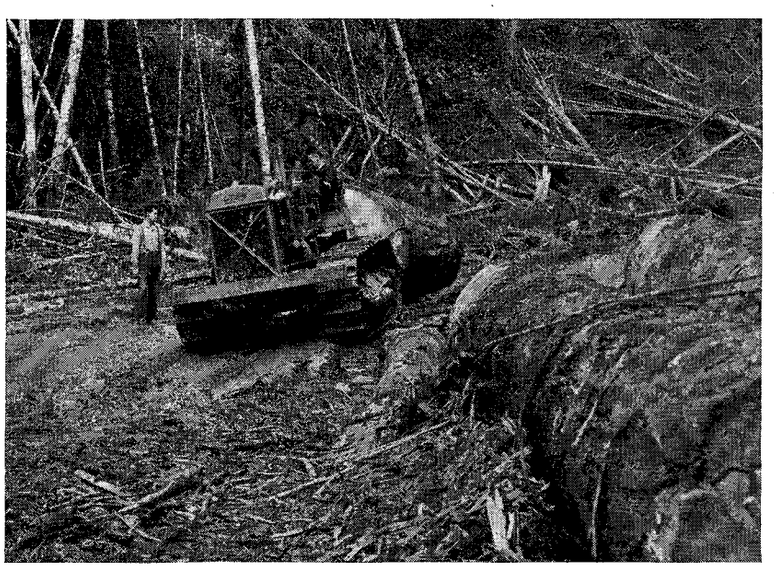
Lumberjacks had cut out the timber, and the rigging crew had set the choker on the last load. A group of the crew mounted a windfall to watch the last turn come in. Not far away a hemlock had been left intact. As the load drew near, something caught the haulback line, the load swung sharply toward the hemlock, and then crashed against it. The men on the windfall leaped for their lives, but the tree came down upon them, and all the men were killed. No other load in the show had touched that hemlock, nor had any of the men been hurt before.

THE story winds up with an intimate personal experience, thus:

A man was walking along a quiet stretch of track near a logging show one day. To the side of the road a rusty line of wire rope lay curled harmlessly in the rubble. A moment later that steel line, flashing up like a rawhide whip, had become a living thing, taut and menacing.

Through some swift, instinctive reaction, the man threw his head back at the sound, and the line sang past, brushing his corduroys on the way. Had that man been a split second slower, his head would have been clipt off as by a sword.

And in that case this sketch you have been reading would never have materialized, for dead men tell no tales.



The Machine Age Butting Into the Forest Primeval

See the caterpillar tractor making log-toting as easy as taking candy from a baby.

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# ADVERTISING IS A WORKING GIRL

NOT A BALLYHOO, not a circus, not a lottery. The object of advertising is to do a certain amount of work in the world at a given cost and with measurable results.

When advertising gets itself too much talked about *as advertising* it is beginning to lose some of its effectiveness. The business of advertising is to get something else talked about. If the reader says: "That is a clever advertisement," then it is not clever at all. Real cleverness consists of making the reader think: "That must be a mighty good motor-oil. I'm going to try it in my car."

We have a client who has made advertising an integral part of his business since he started it in 1911. His copy has never been hung by the art directors nor praised by the critics. But each year he has added to the list of publications used until now he is one of the country's most extensive advertisers. And each year his business has grown in volume and profits, including 1930 and 1931.

You can make a racket out of anything. When times are dull and sales are sluggish, it is perfectly natural for the business man to listen to those who would have advertising put on the garb of the harlequin and do tricks in the market-place.

But business-building advertising is in itself a business. It is at least nine parts hard work to one of genius. It deals with facts and figures more than with flights of fancy. It looks upon an advertising opportunity as work to be done, for the good of the advertiser, for credit to advertising but, more than all, for the benefit of the consumer. All permanent accomplishment depends on service to the consumer. The right kind of advertising makes not only sales but customers.

★ ★ ★

Since the beginning of this organization in 1869, N. W. Ayer & Son have looked upon advertising as a business-building force. In 1873 we established the principle of direct responsibility to clients, with clearly-agreed-upon compensation.

Year after year we have been able to broaden our service. To our plans department, first organized for the study and selection of media, we added merchandising and market men with practical sales experience, supplemented by a field force with direct, authentic contacts in every portion of this country and in foreign markets. Our studies of sales territories, trading areas, and sales organization are continuous and thorough.

Beginning in the eighteen eighties with a single copy writer, we have built a copy and art department numbering more than one hundred for the creation of effective advertising copy.

To improve advertising typography, we maintain in our own organization a most complete type shop, setting and rendering proofs to our clients of all advertisements to be printed.

To conduct radio broadcast advertising, we have constructed a complete organization, embracing plans division, station contact and auditing force, writing and program direction, with a Western-Electric sound-equipped studio in our New York Office for the rehearsal and audition of programs.

We are completely equipped for Outdoor Advertising—from the creation and execution of design to the placing on poster panel, painted bulletin, or electric spectacular.

★ ★ ★

All told, our trained personnel numbers more than nine hundred and this organization has grown steadily for sixty-two years by adherence to what we believe to be sound principles of advertising service.

Inquiries from business executives are invited, and may be addressed to any one of our offices. Representatives of N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., will call anywhere in the United States, Canada, or Europe.

## N. W. AYER & SON, INCORPORATED

*Advertising Headquarters* • Philadelphia • New York • Boston • Chicago • San Francisco • Detroit • London

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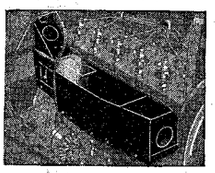
Drive through the Winter Months

in Complete Comfort

with the

Francisco

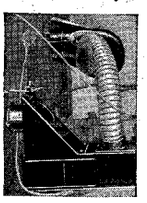


Fume-Proof AUTO HEATER

DON'T let winter deprive you of the pleasure, profit and convenience of using your car. Install a Francisco and enjoy June temperature while driving, regardless of the season. More than a million motorists know the wonderful, dependable efficiency of the Francisco. Delivers an ample supply of fresh outside air, heated to the comfort point, and provides indispensable ventilation as well. A model designed to fit any car built in U. S. since 1920.

$3.75 to $12.50

Guaranteed to deliver 2 to 5 times more heat than any other type of heater

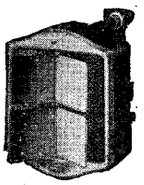


In severely cold climates, and on cars with winter fronts, the

Dash-Controlled ELECTRIC BLOWER

is literally indispensable. No other car heating system compares with it. Can be attached to any Francisco manifold heater, and doubles its capacity. Full flow of heat at any speed, even with shutters closed. Blower attachment also for Rear Compartment Heat Outlet—warms every part of car. Both Blowers independent of usual dash outlet—you operate one or all three as necessary. Ask to see it, or write for circular.

Francisco HOT WATER HEATER



Gives ample supply of clean, odorless, healthful warmth. Delco fan motor; two-point suspension. Beautiful chromium finish; ornament to any car. Made in 3 sizes: one for your car. Ask for descriptive circular.

NEW A De Luxe Heater for Small Cars
Special Cast-Iron Manifold Heater
Replaces usual manifold on Ford Model A-AA, Chevrolet 6 and Plymouth 1930-31-32.

FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.,
901 Essex Ave., Columbus, O.: Send circular about—
☐ Manifold Heater ☐ Electric Blower
☐ Hot Water Heater ☐ Cast Iron Manifold

.....

.....

Canadian Francisco Heater Co., Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Francisco Auto Heaters


# Castaways On Crowded Sea Lanes

THE castaways, bobbing about in their wave-battered boat, shouted and waved, but their "frantic signals were mistaken for cordial greetings."

Passengers on board the luxurious liner, plowing the Atlantic just outside New York and off the south shore of Long Island, "lined the rail to wave gaily at the two men in the small boat whom they took to be venturesome fishermen," according to the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The large vessel "went majestically on her way," leaving David Warshauer and Irving Tuchyner to despair.

It was just as maddening in the blackness of night. Once, *The Herald Tribune* tells us, "a steamship passed within a short distance; so close that the radiance from its ports lightened the darkness in which the little outboard boat tossed, and Warshauer and Tuchyner could hear the music of the ship's orchestra. They did not have so much as a match that was dry, however, and their shouts and screams were unheard."

The ship passed by in the darkness, leaving them alone and helpless, facing death by starvation and exposure to the elements, altho comfort and plenty were all but within their grasp.

The castaways, David Warshauer and Irving Tuchyner, brothers-in-law, were in the grip of tragic circumstances that kept them adrift eight days on the Atlantic in an open boat, altho they were never far from their Brooklyn homes. Tuchyner, soon after their rescue by the Coast Guard patrol boat, *Cuyahoga*, died of damp, gangrene, exposure, and shock.

IT was the appalling abruptness of their transition from civilization to the primitive that arrests the imagination, according to an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which tells us:

The whole of civilization simply vanished, leaving them absolutely alone and absolutely destitute. The whole complicated affair may still be only a mile or two away, but for them it has been obliterated—with all its elaborate organization for supplying food, water, warmth, gasoline, and everything else imaginable.

The day before they had been living in the routine security of a community of 6,000,000 human beings; now they find themselves no better off than a pair of Henry Hudson's sailors would have been had they gone adrift in the same spot when Manhattan Island was a virgin wilderness.

They make shift to catch rain as stone-age savages would have done. They try to convert the useless motor—symbol of the machine by which we all of us exist through nearly every minute of our lives—into some sort of sea anchor, but even for that it scarcely serves. Its betrayal has been complete, and they are helpless.

Ultimately they give up under the weight of this grotesque and monstrous reversal. And then, eight days later, they are as abruptly pulled back again into the present.

The two men bought the boat with its outboard motor, October 23, paying $200 for it, says a *Herald Tribune* news account of the terrible experience, in which we read:

The boat was at Oceanside. Two days later, which was a Sunday, Warshauer and Tuchyner started in the little craft from Oceanside to take it to Sheepshead Bay, where they had made arrangements to have it laid up for the winter. After that their families and friends heard nothing from them until a radio message was received from the *Cuyahoga*, telling of picking the two men up in a state of collapse.

As they expected to be not more than two hours making the run past the Rockaways, Rockaway Inlet and Barren Island to Sheepshead Bay, they had taken with them no food, no water, and no extra clothing.

It was a chilly day, and they had their overcoats, for which they were grateful later. When their outboard motor played out in the struggle with the northwest wind the two men at first took the adventure lightly. They were familiar with those waters and they thought that at worst they would have only an uncomfortable night, providing they could keep the boat afloat.

By dawn they were out of sight of land, and with not another craft in view from their position, low in the water. All that day they bailed and made sporadic and ineffectual attempts at paddling, setting their course roughly by the sun. So far as they could see, they made no progress whatever.

Waves were slopping into the boat and they unshipped the motor and hung it over the bow by the painter, with a vague hope that it might keep the boat's head in the wind. By weighting the bow and giving the wind more play upon the stern, the device probably effected its purpose to some extent.

There are few stretches of ocean front more populous than that between Long Beach and the Rockaways, but not a boat came within hailing distance of the little outboard craft all day. Thereafter the men drifted helplessly, pitching and rolling and sometimes lashed by rain and wind.

The nights were bitterly cold and there was always water in the bottom of the boat. Several times the castaways saw vessels, and twice steamships went by at such short range that every detail was clear to the two.

When it rained the men eagerly spread their garments to catch the fresh water and wrung them out into their hats. When the water in the bottom of the boat was mostly fresh they abstained from bailing and drank as much as they could stomach. They had some sodden cigarets which they chewed.

FOUR days "after a storm which all but swamped the little craft," Warshauer and Tuchyner were reduced to the expedient of drinking in the fire extinguisher. Continuing:

It might poison them, they decided, but poison could add but little to their torture. They huddled beneath the tarpaulin, utterly without real hope of rescue, and made a compact that if one should survive he would care for the family of the other. They seldom crawled from beneath the tarpaulin after that unless the water in the

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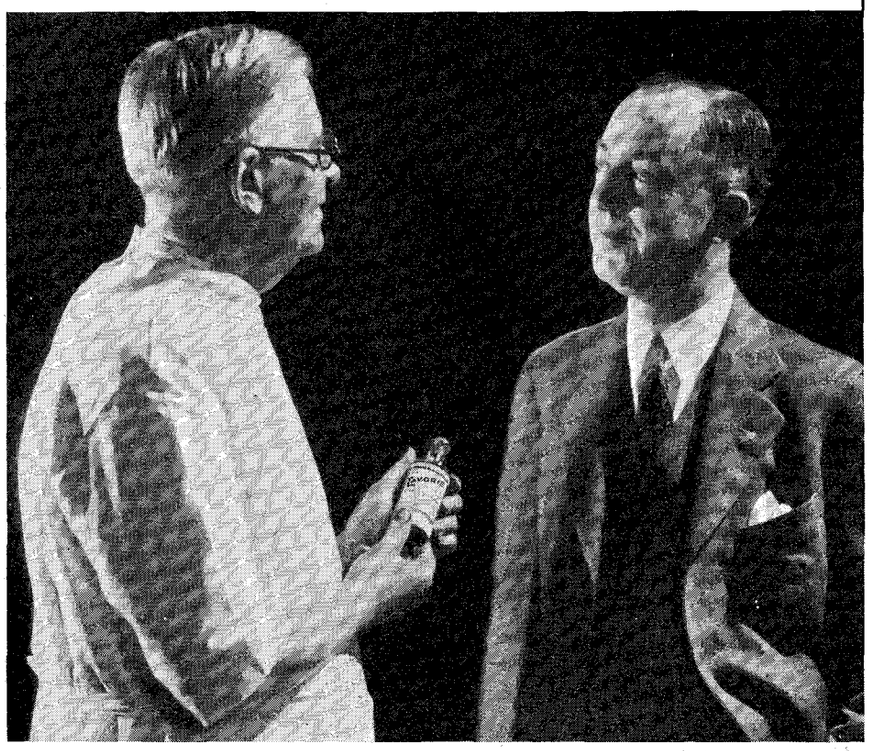
# Have You Asked Your Dentist or Physician Lately

## *What Kind of Mouth Wash is SAFE TO USE CONSTANTLY—Day In and Day Out?*

***Professional Advice Insists Upon a Mouth Wash Which Does Its Work by* PURGING *Mouth and Throat—Because It's Safe and Sane, and Can't Cause Complications***



WHOSE advice are you following in the tremendously important matter of mouth and throat hygiene? Are you relying upon sound, *professional* guidance or that of clever advertising writers?

For safety's sake, ask your dentist or physician about ANYTHING YOU INTEND TO PUT INTO YOUR MOUTH day in and day out.

For professional advice is opposed to harsh solutions for general daily use. They say that drastic germicides should be employed in the mouth *under professional guidance* ONLY—*never any other way.*

Common sense bears this out. For oral surfaces are among the most delicate of all human tissues. And sensitive mouth-glands which aid digestion may have their functions seriously altered by solutions which are too strong.

### *Professional Advice Recommends This*

Regardless of what you use, professional advice says: Use a mouth wash that really purges. One that flushes out every vestige of germ-laden mucus. For nothing completely benefits unless you do this *first.*

Physicians insist upon this, because mucus holds irritating substances in clinging contact with walls of mouth and throat—helps dangerous organisms multiply.

Thus professional men are agreed that the essential function of any mouth wash is to *purge.* Sometimes they give a special prescription to produce this effect. But usually they specify Lavoris, the mouth wash with positive purging action.

### *How It Works*

The action of Lavoris is two-fold.

*First:* It loosens, coagulates and destroys mucus. By actually turning it into a "curd."

You see the purging evidence with your own eyes—thousands of little shreds and "clots" which swiftly flush away.

*Second:* Lavoris penetrates the tissue, and promotes a healthy cleanliness which gives the greatest resistance to disease germs. It does this without the slightest harm to delicate membranes.

So don't confuse Lavoris with gargles which cannot purge. It isn't a bit like strong, biting solutions—for it works a different way. And it is especially adapted for use by children, because it never smarts nor irritates.

Test its purging action for yourself. See with your own eyes how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. Note, too, how it imparts its pleasant freshness to the breath.

Ask your dentist or physician about this unique result. Then follow his advice—*professional* advice. Don't follow anybody else's. Do this in fairness to yourself.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis Toronto

LAVORIS
THE MOUTH WASH WITH SCIENTIFIC PURGING ACTION

**ACCEPT A TRIAL BOTTLE**

LAVORIS CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. LD-11-21
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

2

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boat became so deep as to rouse them from their lethargy. The last few days and nights had been passed by both men in a daze which amounted almost to complete unconsciousness.

There was no sign of life in the little boat when it was sighted from the *Cuyahoga*. Frank Randos, boatswain's mate in command of the Coast Guard vessel, lowered a boat and the men who boarded the drifting craft and lifted the tarpaulin reported that Warshauer and Tuchyner were in such a condition that they feared to handle them.

The *Cuyahoga* came alongside, therefore, tackle was made fast, and the mahogany boat was hoisted to the deck of the patrol vessel. Warshauer and Tuchyner, both of whom were unconscious, were rolled into the tarpaulin which had sheltered them so long and carried to the quarters of the commander.

It was several hours before Warshauer, the first to revive, came dimly back to consciousness. The motion of the Coast Guard vessel gave him the impression that he was still adrift in the open boat.

# Kids Love to Pretend. So Why Not Put 'Em in the Movies?

THE SANDY WASTE OF THE DESERT stretched away toward the horizon on every side.

Here and there a bare rock. Here and there a cactus. But otherwise only the dull unrelieved flatness.

Across the sand stalked a tall, lanky man. After him trotted a little three-year-old girl. Finally they stopt. The man turned and regarded the child critically. Then, bidding her stay where she was, he turned and strode back to the point from which they had started together.

Then he raised a megaphone to his lips and shouted to the child:

"You're lost!"

But tiny Camilla wasn't fazed. She responded with "a beaming smile" and this confident assertion:

"I'm not either. My mummy's right over there behind dat rock."

But the moving-picture director, working with his child actress in "Desert Driven," was patient, according to Camilla's mother, Mrs. Sidney Johnson. It is from her narative, as told to Kathleen Read Coontz, in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, that we quote.

"Desert Driven" was Camilla's first picture. The director "quietly explained to the little novice that she was not really lost at all," but that they were all "make believing." With that magic word, we read, "he broke down the barriers. Camilla bobbed her head delightedly. She understood, and in a minute she *was* lost."

The Johnsons, of whom Camilla is one, are said to be the largest movie family in Hollywood. And they can join the little girl in Wordsworth's poem in saying, "We are seven." There are Kenneth, Dick, Cullen, Paine (who has just made his début at the age of four months), Camilla, Carmencita, and Seesel Anne. They have appeared in some of Hollywood's most important productions. According to their mother:

They have been French peasant tots, clattering down to the quay in their wooden shoes; they have pushed flower carts along Italian streets, and sold goat's milk from door to door; they have danced down German village streets in the wake of martial feet and stirring bands.

As young Russian exiles they have plowed through mountains of snow and delighted, between shots, in its manufactured charms; as young Hawaiians they have worn woven leis on California shores.

In "Trilby" they went French, and romped in the Bois de Bologne. In "Rip Van Winkle" and others they went Dutch. They know how it feels to be Highland lads and lassies and live in thatched houses. They have walked the decks of the *Mayflower* as prim Puritan children, and sat on hard meeting-house benches. They have been abused as orphans, and they could tell genuine forty-niners about their pioneer outfits.

Children thoroughly enjoy acting in the movies. I have watched hundreds of them at work and never fail to marvel at their ease and the joy they take in their rôles. They are imaginative by nature, and are given to impersonations in every-day play.

Mrs, Johnson has had her hands full as a mother, making sure that her youngsters' professional life does not interfere with normal childhood; and she relates entertainingly many of the amusing episodes in which they have figured. There was, for example, Camilla's refusal, already witnessed, to be lost in her first picture. Her second appearance, as the daughter of *Marjory Daw* in "Maud Muller," led to the enlistment of Carmencita, her junior. We read:

The taking of that picture was held up while the director tried in vain to get a few feet of film showing the baby in the old Colonial cradle. The "parents" were quarreling over the cradle, and every time they reached the peak of the argument the child began to scream—which was not according to script.

Another baby was sent for, and another. Louder yells. The director wiped the perspiration from his forehead and glanced around helplessly. Camilla, who had been watching the whole thing, edged up to him.

"We've dot a baby at home," she said, "what never cries!" As a result, I was sent back home post-haste for Carmencita, then six months old.

As I lifted her from her basket I picked up a long christening robe of a generation or so ago, which had been blued to keep it from turning yellow. I hurriedly drest Carmencita in this, and rushed back. Into the Colonial cradle the new tryout was placed, with her unaccustomed long clothes folded about her feet. The antique attire interested the young lady, and she immediately began trying to free her feet from their entanglement.

How she worked! Every now and then an especially loud tone from her quarreling "parents" caused her to pause a moment and glance up at them. Director Hoffman was delighted, and kept calling to the camera man, "More footage, Jim! Give the baby more footage!"

Camilla, standing close by and immensely proud that her suggestion was making such a hit, touched the director's hand.

"Hers a-taking it herself," she said. "Look at her footies!"

And ever since then "more footage" has been a joke in the Johnson family. The baby stole that show, and Carmencita started on a "movie" career that, at six years of age, has given her parts in almost 200 pictures.

Thus were the movies thrust upon Camilla and Carmencita. It wasn't long before the older children had achieved the films. And my two youngest were born in the "movies."

MOVIE life, contrary to general opinion, is not hard on children, according to Mrs. Johnson. "Look at my flock," she says in effect. "The seven little Johnsons have not suffered in Hollywood."

Nowhere, she goes on, "is the demand for resourcefulness, self-reliance, good sportsmanship and cooperation greater than in this make-believe land of Hollywood. Directors have no time to coax and persuade, repeat, or pamper. The play's the thing. And children are quick to catch the spirit." For example:

Once Seesel Anne, then four years old, endured the discomfiture of sitting on a buckle until the director called, "Cut." She had overheard him tell the star that there was just time for one more long shot, and since she was supposed to be asleep in the basket slung across Buck Jones's saddle, she "didn't want to spoil the scene by moving."

"The Winning of Barbara Worth," in which Carmencita doubled for Vilma Banky as the child *Barbara*, and later played her little daughter, was filmed on a Nevada desert when the thermometer stood around 104 most of the time. In the storm scene, when the giant wind machines hurled the hot sand around mother and daughter, the little girl received her first lesson in good sportsmanship.

Carmencita was still at the bottle age, just about a year old, when she had a small part in a Fox comedy entitled "The Honeymoon Express." In this picture she was taught by the studio assistant to drop bottle after bottle over the back of the car seat in order to complete the discomfiture of the honeymooners.

The crashing of the bottles delighted the baby, and she was warmly applauded after her scene was shot. But, alas! That evening, at home, she repeated the game with the family china.

Especially delightful was Camilla in one of the Arthur Lake comedies, in which she starred as the Little Sister, when she learned that she was to quaff a tall, foaming glass of ice-cream soda. Something went wrong and the scene had to be shot over again—and again. When it was finally satisfactory, Little Sister was on the outside of quite a few drinks. We were all concerned and later convulsed with laughter when she gravely announced to the director, "You don't have to pay me for that!"

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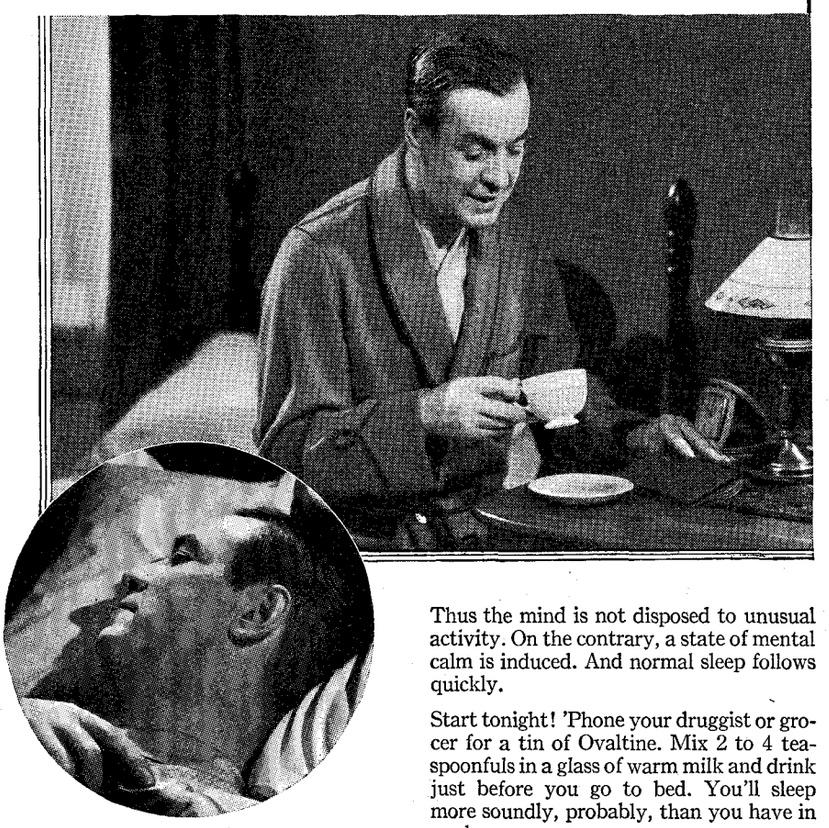
# There *IS* a Way to Get Instant Sleep

## *ENTIRELY WITHOUT DRUGS!*



A Swiss Food-Drink Not Only Brings Sound Sleep Without Drugs . . . *It Rebuilds "Played-Out" Nerves While You Sleep*

NEXT time overtaxed nerves rob you of sleep—next time the "wee small hours" find you tossing and still awake—remember this:—*There IS a way to get instant sleep*, entirely without drugs.

It is simplicity itself. Here's all you do:—Stir a few teaspoons of Ovaltine into a cup of warm milk. Drink it just before you get into bed. You'll fall asleep a few minutes after you touch the pillow. And sleep 8 hours as soundly as a child.

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For, while you sleep, the peculiar dietetic properties found in Ovaltine resupply your system with the energy lost the previous day. And promote the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

Too—you can take Ovaltine night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

### *What It Is—How It Acts*

Ovaltine is a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world fame. Not a medicine in any sense of the word. But a super-delicious food-drink.

During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found that it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

*First*, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

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*Third*, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

### *Try It Tonight*

Just try Ovaltine tonight. You'll be amazed how quickly you fall asleep. See how different you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality. Due to its high content of diastase—Ovaltine relieves distress and in this way combats one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

For, through stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And reduces the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus the mind is not disposed to unusual activity. On the contrary, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors . . . Try it and *see for yourself.* You'll be delighted with the sound refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

*(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.*

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Great is the thrill where victory or defeat hangs on the next few moves! For the most interesting situations from actual play we offer

**$1000 in Prizes**

**First Prize, $200; two prizes of $100; eight of $25; twenty of $10; forty of $5.**

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# Honoring Cudjo Lewis: America's Last Piece of African "Black Ivory"

THE savage Dahomeys, in full panoply of war, swooped down upon the industrious, peaceful Tarkars in their home in the Kongo River basin.

Many of the Tarkars were slain in the unequal fight; and the rest were carried away to the seacoast, where they were sold to white slave-traders. One Tarkar, a young man known to his fellow tribesmen as Kazoola, was sold into unique but unenviable distinction.

He was brought to America by the last contraband slave-ship, the *Clothilde*, an ancestress of to-day's rum-runners, on her last trip, in 1859.

He was the last of the slaves to be taken on board the vessel, and to-day, at ninety-four years, grizzled, wrinkled, but still erect, he is the sole survivor of that unhappy cargo. Known as Cudjo Lewis, he lives at Plateau, Alabama, near Mobile, "the most historic Negro in the United States," according to Walter Hart Blumenthal's account in the New York *Evening Post*. Not long ago his friends, both colored and white, held a benefit in his honor.

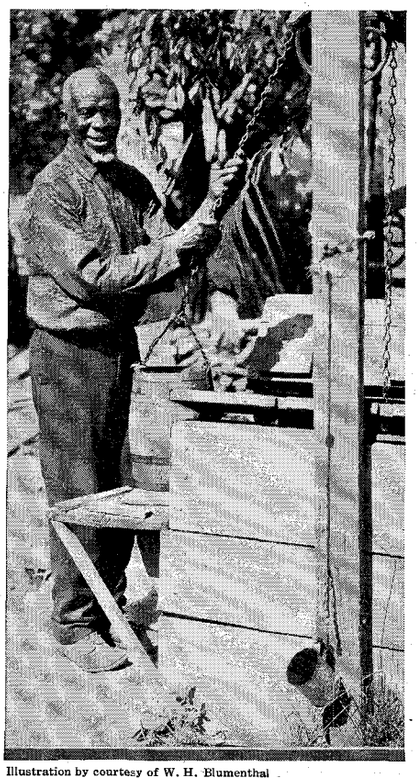

Illustration by courtesy of W. H. Blumenthal

"The Most Historic Negro in the United States"

But Cudjo (or Kazoola as he was called in Africa) almost missed his trip to America. After he and his fellows had been sold to the white men, one of the Dahomeys stole him and hid him under a house in the seaside village, where the *Clothilde*, commanded by Capt. Billy Foster, had been anchored. But Kazoola's curiosity got the better of him, according to Mr. Blumenthal. He heard the booming of the surf, which he had never seen before. He came out from his hiding-place, "climbed upon the stockade fence and, seeing some of his fellow natives in a boat, called to them. This attracted Captain Foster, who ordered him into the boat. And so he was the last to go."

ALL the other 109 slaves "with whom he came over on the two-masted *Clothilde*—the last shipload of slaves to enter this country—have gone to the land of glory," writes Mr. Blumenthal, "leaving Cudjo the last link in the chain of slavery that once bound Africa to the United States. He also serves as a connecting token between the slave-runners of yore and the rum-runners of to-day." Continuing the account:

A grizzled old darky is Cudjo Lewis, with a face furrowed with many wrinkles. Yet, despite his ninety-four years, he is fairly erect.

He seems happy to be alive so long as he is free to cultivate his little garden patch and to serve as sexton of the little Negro church not far from the ramshackle hut which he calls his home. Both his home and his church, together with everything he holds dear, are in the little village of Plateau, situated about five miles from Mobile. Any one who desires may meet him.

When this interviewer arrived, Cudjo Lewis was busy in his vegetable garden patch. The colored guide called out: "Cudjo, here's a man who wants to talk to you."

The old darky's face lit up with joy as he came forward and exclaimed: "Thanks be to God; I'se so lonesome!"

He speaks a rather mumbled, broken jargon unlike the idiom of the American Negro. If it is at times difficult to understand, he makes up for it by the play of his expressive features.

His wife and six children are dead. And when he recalls the suffering through which he passed on his enforced voyage to America, his eyes fill with tears that course down his withered cheeks.

Before his enslavement, Cudjo Lewis roamed in the Kongo River basin, about 200 miles from the western coast of Africa. His tribe, known as the Tarkars, were rather peace-loving and industrious.

Cudjo Lewis has vivid recollections of Kongo customs. For example, it was customary to subject children to a severe test as to their fitness to survive. A child would be thrown into a vat of water. If it put up what they judged to be a proper struggle, it was permitted to live; otherwise, it was doomed to die.

"Did you know anything about God?" Cudjo Lewis was asked. "We knew somebody built de sky," he said. The Tarkars, moreover, believed in the spirits of Good and Evil. They also worshiped the spirits of their departed relatives. Altho they were not exactly nature worshipers, they were inspired with terror by wind, black clouds, and thunder and lightning.

The tribe to which Cudjo Lewis belonged was polygamous, but limited each man to three wives. It was customary for the first wife to choose the second, and the second to select a third. Severe punish-

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ment was imposed upon any man who dared to cast his eyes upon any other women save his own.

In this atmosphere Cudjo Lewis lived until without warning, the savage Dahomeys descended one dawn upon the Tarkars. A wholesale slaughter followed, but Cudjo Lewis, known to his tribe as Kazoola, was spared, with several other young people, as a captive who could be sold to the white traders.

ALREADY, however, we have witnessed the events attending the young African's boarding the slave-ship. So we read on:

The slaves were thrown into the hold of the slave-ship. When the hatches were clapped down tight, a panic ensued. When the *Clothilde* had gone a little distance from shore, an English vessel was sighted. Captain Foster hoisted an English flag so that his ship would not be molested.

The slaves were kept in the hold for days, and only at intervals were they permitted to come on deck to stretch their limbs. Their daily meal consisted of a tin cupful of water and a piece of bread. They subsisted on this fare seventy days.

At last the trip ended. Through devious ways, in order to escape detection, Captain Foster finally landed his cargo at a place called Dabney's plantation, below Mount Vernon, in Alabama, not far from Fort Morgan. Here the slaves were held for eleven days, being moved from one part of the swamp to another until it was deemed safe to make overtures for their sale. The captives were sold to different masters.

With the outbreak of the Civil War their lot became less burdensome. As they were an agricultural tribe, they soon learned how to work in the fields with new implements, and served their masters faithfully and devotedly.

After the Civil War they banded together again at Magazine Point, where they served as mill-hands at Captain Tim Meaher's shipyard. They saved until they had enough to buy some acreage of their own and set up as vegetable farmers in the village of Plateau.

Their life in America has been one of self-sacrifice and toil. Cut off almost entirely from white influence, they lived together for a long time, speaking their native tongue, and electing their own judges to settle their own affairs.

Of the 110 slaves who made up the original colony, only Cudjo Lewis remains. He has buried his wife and six children. They all lie in the little Negro churchyard not far from his home.

"When I go, I ain't got far to go," said the grizzled old darky. As the interviewer waved farewell he called in his odd guttural lingo: "Some of dese days I tek time to die."

---

**Hand on the Throttle.**—The lights in the crowded bus had failed and the passengers were thrown into confusion.

"Can I find you a strap?" the tall young man asked a young lady at his side.

She smiled sweetly.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I have just found one."

"Good," he replied. "Then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting go of my tie?"—*Answers.*

---

**Throw a Big Shoe.**—"I hear Rowley is getting married next week."

"Good! I never liked the fellow."—*Outspan.*

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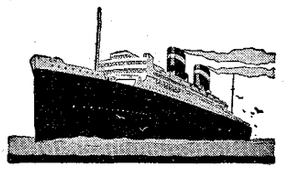

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# "General" Coxey, Mayor of Massillon, and His Promised Home-Made Money

A BOTTLE of muddy water.

Home-grown currency.

Brandishing the one, promising the other, that grizzled, smiling veteran of public affairs, "General" Jacob S. Coxey, famous for the march of his jobless army on Washington in 1894, has ridden to victory at last in an ancient horse-drawn coach that has carried a President.

Nothing tangible, many might say, came out of "General" Coxey's efforts on behalf of the jobless during the unemployment wave of the mid-nineties. But during the present unemployment crisis the seventy-seven-year-old veteran has been elected Mayor of Massillon, Ohio.

International

"General" Coxey in His Chariot of Victory

The two principal planks in the platform on which he was elected are based on ideas which he had preached in vain for forty years, Leroy A. Simms writes in a copyrighted article syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Associations. They are:

1. Issuance of non-interest-bearing bonds in denominations of from twenty-five cents up to pay for public improvements, these bonds being cleared through the city treasury and used to pay city labor, thus acting as money in the community.
2. Public ownership and operation of utilities to keep "Massillon money at home instead of in Wall Street."

"GENERAL" COXEY made his campaign fight on these issues, and defeated his closest opponent by a margin of almost two to one, we are told as we read on:

His official "campaign car" was an old horse-drawn coach, driven by a Negro coachman. President McKinley and James G. Blaine have ridden in the coach, the general proudly explains.

One of the "General's" principal campaign weapons was a bottle of muddy water which he showed at meetings to illustrate his fiery declaration that "Massillon sent $99,000 to Wall Street so the bankers could drink their cocktails while all we had left to drink was muddy water!"

His battle against the utilities was focused on the water-works concern, whose franchise expires on January 31, 1932, a month after Coxey takes office.

"We have been paying water-rates based on a valuation for the water-works of $1,274,000, while the tax assessment of the water-works is only $714,000," he says.

"We are paying an annual tribute to Wall Street of almost $100,000. The city of Massillon can buy this water-plant at its assessed valuation, pay for it with bonds bearing interest at only one-tenth of one per cent. per year, and pay for the plant out of income in less than twenty-five years.

"Non-interest-bearing bonds," as Coxey describes his proposed one-tenth of one per cent. issue, would become, in effect, currency for Massillon. He proposes to use these bonds to pay for all public improvements and to make them receivable for all city debts. The city treasurer would redeem the bonds with cash when they fell into the hands of outsiders, and use them again to pay city labor.

These bonds would be issued in denominations of 25 cents, 50 cents, $1, $5, 10, and $100.

COXEY estimates that "a $200,000 issue of his non-interest-bearing bonds would pay $2,000,000 per month on bills in Massillon," according to Mr. Simms, who continues:

As for power and gas, Coxey hopes to have his city act as distributer only, thus saving the great expense of building its own plant and pipe-lines. The rate the municipality would pay would be fixt by Ohio's rate-governing body, and the commodities would be retailed by the city, wages being paid in non-interest-bearing bonds.

"Massillon's unemployed will be given jobs by these projects," he says. "Its citizens will have more money with which

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to pay their bills, and its merchants will thus have money to pay notes which are now listed as 'frozen assets' at banks.

"Banks will then have money to extend credit, and the community will be rid of this depression, which was brought about by the Wall Street-planned collapse of bank credits."

The same principle can be applied in every State and community in the nation to bring about gradual return of prosperity, "General" Coxey believes.

For immediate relief, Coxey advocates payment at once of the remainder of the soldiers' bonus, a sum approximating $3,400,000,000.

"All that is necessary for the Government to pay this bonus is to print that amount of money and issue it to the ex-soldiers," he says.

"These notes can be made legal tender, and can be redeemed by the Government at the rate of 4 per cent. per year, to retire them all by 1956.

"Congress should also authorize the Government to issue money for the State, county, and municipal governments to be secured by non-interest-bearing bonds."

## Who Led Golf's 1931 Parade?

WHAT'S the answer? There isn't any answer—or at least none that will satisfy every one. When you inquire about the order of excellence in which our great golf stars should be ranked, you're apt to start something.

For example:

Which is the harder tournament to win, the British or American Open? It all depends, possibly, on how you feel about it.

But Francis J. Powers, writing for the Consolidated Press Association, is inclined to give Billy Burke, who won the American, the edge over Tommy Armour, who won the British. And accordingly Burke comes first on Mr. Powers's list of the ten leading professional golfers this year. Armour comes second. And these two are followed, in the order named, by George Von Elm, Densmore Shute, Walter Hagen, Tom Creavy, Gene Sarazen, Ed Dudley, Leo Diegel, and Wilfred Cox.

Nor is it easier to satisfy all the fans in the matter of estimating the amateurs.

In another article, Mr. Powers takes a chance and puts Francis Ouimet, who won the national amateur first, and follows that choice with T. Phillip Perkins, "the Americanized Briton." After them, in his estimation, come William Howell, Don Moe, Jack Westland, Maurice McCarthy, George Dunlap, Charles Seaver, George Voigt, and Arthur Yates.

BURKE'S "play in the big championships," we read as we turn back to Mr. Powers's discussion of part of his ten leading pros, "was far more compelling than that of Armour, who was unable to find his top form after the victory at Carnoustie. Burke, on the other hand, not only won the United States Open after the titanic seventy-two-hole play-off against George Von Elm, but also starred in the Ryder Cup matches, and went to the semi-

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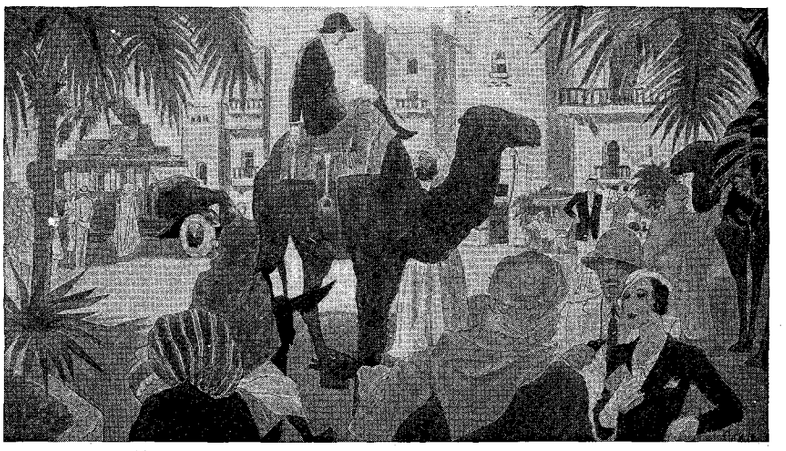

**BRILLIANT LAND CRUISES** *on the* **BARBARY COAST...SUPERB ROADS** *and* **HOTELS**

**WHERE CAN YOU MAKE $16.50 A DAY GO FARTHER THAN** to shed winter from you like a snowy cloak at Pier 57 on February 12 or March 18 and head across the bland Gulf Stream for the Canaries, Casablanca, Gibraltar, and Algiers? After a glimpse of Paris-in-Africa, the famous French Liner *Paris* (the aristocrat of the seas) will take you on to Naples, then to Napoleon's birthplace at Ajaccio in Corsica—then up to Monte Carlo, Cannes, Marseilles—each day ashore an inexpressible coloured moving-picture which will remain in your mind forever. Your cabin will be typical of cushioned French Line comfort; you'll eat as if you were touring the greatest restaurants of France (with whatever American dishes you like best whenever you want them); you'll explore vintages that have long tantalized you; your odd moments will be diverted by a program of well-bred gayety typical of the French Line's genius for making you enjoy their cruise more than you ever enjoyed another anywhere. From Marseilles you'll either sail direct home by Majorca, Gibraltar and the Azores—or by train to Paris and Havre and the *Ile de France*, as you prefer. The *Paris*, on her first Mediterranean Cruises, proposes to take a company of nice people who know best how to defeat winter—who cherish gayety and detest organized whoopee—and who (like most nice people) know how to make each dollar buy its utmost luxury. Old General Depression will not be allowed up the gangplank; these cruises are planned to make Time (which all the economists say is the cure) really *go to work for you!* French Line, 19 State Street, New York, or any authorized agent.

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finals of the Professional Golfers Association Championship, at Providence.

"Armour was knocked out in the quarter-finals of the P. G. A., and the season's balance gives Burke a small margin over the black Scot." Running through the rest of Mr. Powers's nominations:

Third place is awarded to George Von Elm, who to all intents and purposes is a professional as well as a business-man golfer. Von Elm played well throughout the winter season, sharing first honors in the $25,000 Agua Caliente Open; was a leader in the Western Open, and then came on to tie for the National and force Burke to go an added four rounds to capture the coveted title.

Densmore Shute, altho he won none of the major championships, beat both Armour and Burke in the P. G. A. Championship, and his brilliant play was one of the outstanding features of the United States victory over Great Britain in the Ryder Cup matches. Shute is developing into one of the best professional players of the country, and deserves a high place among the leaders.

Walter Hagen staged a remarkable comeback during the 1931 season. The Haig's game still was missing fire during the winter season, but he came fast in the summer's competition. He was second in the Western Open, at Dayton; played some fine golf in the National, and then went on to win the Canadian Open after a play-off with Percy Alliss of England. The old Duke also fired many great shots when he captained the Ryder Cup team, and still is one of the world's best.

In Mr. Powers's discussion of the amateurs we find these comments on Bobby Jones's successor as leader in those ranks:

Ouimet's great play at Beverly entitles him to lead the amateur field again after a lapse of seventeen years, and none but a great golfer could have successfully fought his way through the mêlée at Chicago, in September.

T. Phillip Perkins, the Americanized Briton, did not qualify for the amateur championship but he was the leading amateur in the National Open, at Inverness, and there he played some of the best golf seen in the championship. Perkins also won numerous sectional tournaments, and has thoroughly established himself as one of the best amateur players in the game.

Billy Howell of Richmond, Virginia, the boy from the Old Dominion, was the sensation of the 1931 Amateur and, while very much a youngster, has a game that made a deep impression on all golf critics. Howell gave Ouimet his hardest match at Beverly, and won three sectional championships through the summer. Many of these young golfers turn out to be only flashes, but Howell's game is sound, and he unquestionably will develop into one of our leading amateur stars.

Altho Don Moe of Portland failed to qualify for the Amateur, his scores in the sectional rounds were far better than many of those who qualified in less difficult sectors. Moe won the Western Amateur from a star field, and is, on past performances, one of our best players.

Jack Westland of Chicago, runner-up to Ouimet, is rated fifth. In besting players like Dunlap, Yates, and McCarthy, the Chicagoan was forced to shoot a lot of fine golf. He has been the outstanding player in the Chicago district for several seasons, and has a very sound game.


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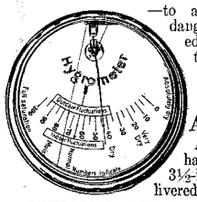


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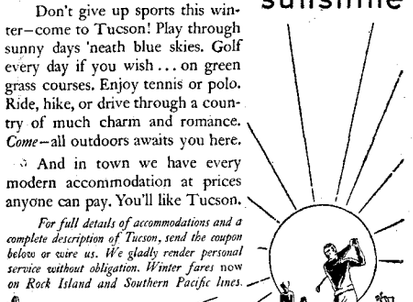

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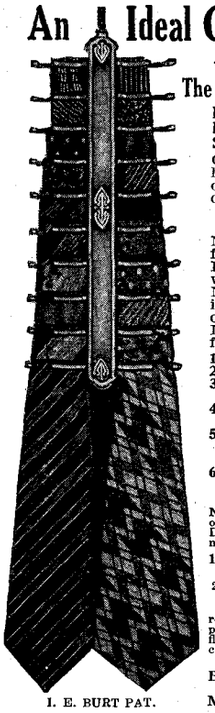

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# Rush-Hour in the Sky

A COLD, forty-mile gale was bumping along the airways; and prewar aviators, the New York *Herald Tribune* suggests, might have felt some inclination to stay on the ground.

But post-war aviators, apparently thinking nothing of the weather, went up in crowds, for two purposes.

Some of them were performing breath-taking feats in the big four-field air-circus staged over Long Island and New York for unemployment relief on a recent Saturday and Sunday.

The others were operating a temporary passenger air-line, fifty-odd miles in circuit, linking the four fields involved—Curtiss, Roosevelt, Bennett, and Glenn H. Curtiss Airport. This passenger service was operated on schedule, and with such regularity and matter-of-factness as to suggest the subway more than the skyways.

In fact, the successful completion of this service by nine planes, provided by eight air-lines, showed what could be done in the way of air transportation in case of emergency.

More passengers (nearly 1,000) were served by the model transport line at the four-field flying show for the benefit of the unemployed "than were ever carried over a routed American air-line in a single day, and in the result the management of the exhibition saw a striking demonstration in the possibilities of air travel," Wayne Weishaar writes in *The Herald Tribune*, continuing:

Operating over a fifty-five-mile Long Island circuit, the air-liners of the service maintained their hourly schedules, and adhered closely to the seven-and-one-half-minute headway intervals, despite the fact that the eight companies cooperating used ships of widely varying speeds.

It was New York City's first view of commercial aviation on so vast a scale, and the thousands at the various fields paid almost as much attention to the transports as to the military and sport planes that executed spectacular maneuvers overhead.

In a sense, the crowds became a part of the show, for during most of the day there were more persons desiring to make the circle trips than the line could accommodate.

Preliminary figures from the eight companies indicate that during the two days of the flying show there were 911 passengers. Of this number more than two-thirds rode Sunday; cold, gusty weather reduced attendance at the four airports on Saturday.

J. M. Eaton, traffic manager for Pan-American Airways, Inc., who was general manager of the model air-line, in noting that it had achieved a record haul, was particularly gratified that the public had "oversubscribed" the service. He said that on Sunday afternoon 250 prospective passengers had to be turned away for want of accommodations, and that at 3 P. M. the ticket-booth at Roosevelt Field was announcing "No more space."

Mr. Eaton saw the demonstration as an example of what might be done if a national emergency or flood should make necessary the sudden evacuation of an isolated area.

"The operation of the line on Sunday proved that it is possible to coordinate plans on fixt schedules and adhere to the service even with varying equipment and personnel," he said. "We were able to coordinate the ships of varying speeds so that the seven-and-one-half-minute headway was generally followed to the minute. The longest interval in the three-field service offered by the land planes was less than fourteen minutes.

Only once was there overlapping service, and that was when two planes were delayed in take-offs by the stunt program that was in progress at the field.

THE amphibion *American Clipper*, taking off and landing at North Beach, "made hourly trips circling the other fields. It alone carried 167 passengers on Sunday," we are told as we read on:

The operation of the line proved that, if necessary, ships of an air-transport line could be operated on three-minute headway. In fact, the only limitation to the number of people who could be carried by such a system would be the carrying capacity of the planes.

Altho the line was hastily organized from the companies which lent their planes for the benefit of the Unemployment Relief Fund, the service was completed without accident, and with only one failure of service. One ship punctured a tire in landing at Floyd Bennett Field, causing a brief interruption of the schedule.

The smallest ship in the service, Mr. Eaton said, carried ten passengers. He named the eight companies cooperating and the ships they lent as follows: American Airways, Ford; Eastern Air Transport, Inc., Curtiss-Wright Condor; General Aviation Corporation, Fokker S-32; Ludington Lines, Stinson; Metropolitan Air Ferry Service, Keystone Patrician; Pan-American Airways, Sikorsky S-40; Transcontinental and Western Air, Ford, and United Air Lines, Ford.

Assisting Mr. Eaton in the management of the line was Goodrich Murphy, of American Airways. Maj. William B. Robertson, of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, was operations manager, and Oliver A. Gottschalk, of Eastern Air Transport, was traffic manager.

The proof of the ability of air transport to overcome traffic problems has created a new responsibility for the sales organizations of the transport companies, Mr. Eaton believes. Direct presentation of the fact of comfort and dependability in the service, through sales and advertising effort, he predicted as a step not far in the future in bringing commercial aviation volume business.

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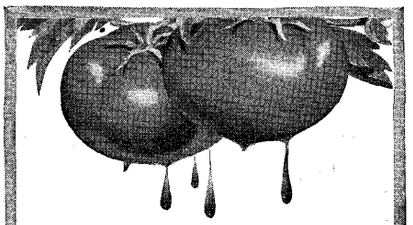

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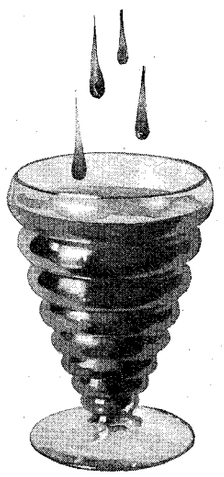

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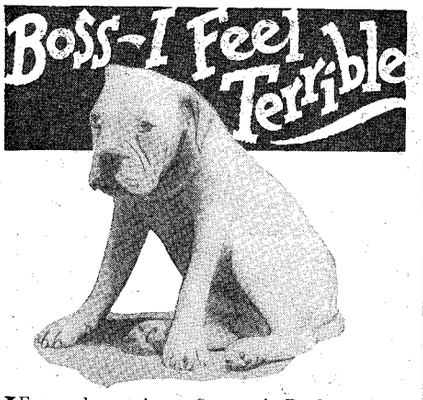


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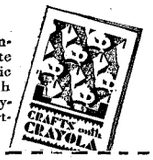


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The farmers who marched into town and demanded food are now almost buried in canned stuff. The pantry is full, the cellar is packed, the attic is crowded, and the woodshed is bursting.

So here's another crisis demanding relief. What to do? Some one had a happy thought, and the famine sufferers of last winter, now nearly suffocated by plenty, are shipping their surplus to other needy folk who are glad to get it.

So the tables were turned, and rejoicing and celebration reigned in England, Arkansas.

Not long before, England had been hungry and had been fed.

Now England, in Lonoke County, had so much food that a crowd of "blue-denimed farmers from the river bottoms, the town's merchants, a scattering of State officials from Little Rock, and a few bankers from Memphis gathered to give a rousing send-off to a truck caravan of foodstuffs" bound for a needy community in Oklahoma, writes Frank Harrel in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine.

What changes have taken place in Arkansas, and elsewhere in the South, since last winter, when distressing tales were told of the need there.

EIGHT months ago, says Mr. Harrel, "Lonoke County people were in just as bad shape as the Oklahomans to whom they have sent food. During the early part of the winter, following the drought which destroyed all food crops, they bore their hunger with fortitude. But finally the suffering became too intense even for strong men, so one day a hundred or so farmers plodded through the gumbo mud to England and demanded food." But later there was a change, we learn as we continue:

Spring came, and the catfish started biting. Turnip-seeds sprouted, and that meant potlikker.

Spring was followed by the best growing season in years, and in three months the Arkansas countryside resembled Washington Irving's description of the Van Tassel homestead.

What happened in that Arkansas town is typical of what has taken place in every hamlet in the drought area of the Mississippi Valley. This has been a "live-at-home" summer for the farmers, the first since pioneer days, when lack of transportation and distribution caused "store-boughten" goods to be classed as luxuries.

Dusty fruit-jars, unused for years, have been brought out, scalded, and filled with luscious fruits and vegetables. Literally millions of new jars have been bought.

Local citizens, who last winter helped the Red Cross with the burdensome task of distributing aid to unfortunates, have been deluged this last summer with vegetables and fruit by these erstwhile starvelings who have gardens of their own.

Now, as winter approaches, the drought


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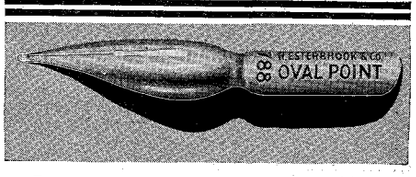


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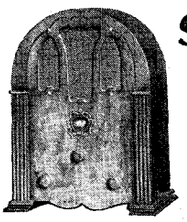

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section is preparing to send at least a part of its surplus food to the relief agencies in the congested centers of the North. Through the local papers, farmers and townspeople alike are cautioned to can everything possible, and not to waste even a scrawny beet, so that the surplus may be sent to centers which were so good to starving farmers last winter.

Last spring, the Red Cross distributed 610,000 packages of garden seed to 605,422 families in the drought area, and each package contained enough seed to plant a garden that would provide fresh vegetables for a family of five through the summer.

"More gardens have been planted in the South than ever before in the history of the country," says John D. Cremer, Jr., Acting Director of the Red Cross Disaster Service. "Reports from our local chapters indicate that there is an abundance of fresh vegetables grown from these gardens in most sections of the drought area. Red Cross chapter workers in cooperation with home demonstration agents are now engaged in a program to encourage farmers to can their surplus vegetables, fruits, and meats."

An article in *The Southwest-Times Record* of Fort Smith, Arkansas, describes this change from a standpoint closer at home. The squirrel gathers his nuts and field-mice their corn, says this paper, "but man, for all his brains, won't lay up enough food made by his own labor and nature's blessing to last through the winter." Reading on:

That's true in prosperous times. But hard times have gript the world, and a different story is unfolding in western Arkansas.

Man and his herbivorous neighbors are reaping the benefits of a bounteous harvest, and, like the squirrel and field-mouse, he is storing it away for the cold days to come. He'll live on the fat of the land this winter, if he is down on the farm. As to the city—it remains to be seen.

Ask the wholesalers. Fort Smith jobbers have distributed upward of 250 car-loads of fruit-jars and sirup-pails. In other words, scattered around the Fort Smith territory are a half million fruit-jars packed with good things to eat. For the State, it is estimated by the State Extension Service that 35,000,000 jars of food are in the cellars, up in the attics, and under the beds, awaiting King Winter's blustering howls before being dragged to light.

Down on a little farm near Charleston, in the Forest Grove community, there is a story told that may be applied to hundreds of farm families in western Arkansas.

All girls haven't done as well as Edna Berry on the farm this year, but hundreds have done their bit.

Miss Berry is one of the hundreds of 4-H Club girls, in North Sebastian County, doing club work under the tutelage of Miss Ruth Fairbairn, home demonstration agent. This club girl, who was declared last year to be the best girl cook in the State of Arkansas, filed a report on her garden with Miss Fairbairn.

The Berry family consists of the mother and four children, the father having died several years ago. This family has 950 quarts of vegetables, meats, pickles, jams, butters, jellies, fruit-juices, and other foodstuffs packed away for the winter.

Edna's garden furnished 462 quarts, and she estimates her garden this year brought a net income of $206.81.

If it had teeth, it would BITE you!

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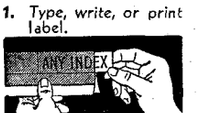


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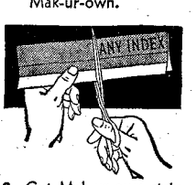


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# New England's Leadership Toward Recovery

THAT NEW ENGLAND IS LEADING THE WAY back to prosperity is the belief which has for weeks past been exprest more or less emphatically both within and without that section of the country.

Here, for instance, is the writer of an International News Service dispatch from Boston saying: "The sun of business revival has begun to shine on the Yankeeland horizon, and all reports show the New England States better off than their sister States."

Using a different figure, the New York *Times* observes editorially that "New England's feet are not so deep in the Slough of Despond as those of the States outside the old Puritan Pale." Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman thinks of the way the customs duties are coming in through New England ports, and remarks that that section is "the bright spot of the country." Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein grants that New England may "draw much of both satisfaction and reassurance from facts that have recently come to light."

Inquiries made by THE LITERARY DIGEST of representative New England newspapers and business organizations generally confirm this feeling about New England improvement, but it is only fair to say at the outset that certain newspapers, which do not wish to be quoted, feel that most of these reports of New England revival seem to come from outside New England. Or, they feel that the instances of prosperity are sporadic, like the activity of the Danbury hatters, following the vogue of the Eugénie hat. One Maine paper actually thinks that things are on the down-grade in its part of the country.

The Providence *News Tribune*, cognizant of awakening activity in certain mills, is not sure that New England is really better off than the rest of the country. And there are papers in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut which can discern only a slight tendency for the better.

THERE may be some explanation for this view in a point made by the First National Bank of Boston in its *New England Letter*. It notes that "the comparatively strong showing in New England business activity for the past few months was in a large measure accounted for by heavy replacement demand for consumers' goods which had been at least temporarily provided for, and any further sustained gains in these industries must await an improvement in general business." The First National's own index of New England industrial production showed a decline of about 5 per cent. for August and September.

And yet with the end of the Lawrence strike on November 9, and a number of industrial gains reported by the New England Council, the writer of a New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from Boston calls attention to the development of a distinctly and more cheerful feeling in mid-November.

And the general impression gained from studying statements of New England editors is typified by the Boston *Transcript*, when it says: "The facts multiply to prove that New England has weathered the storm better than other regions." Its condition, we read on, "is reflected in railroad earnings that have slumped less sharply than the general loss, and in farm income that has been better maintained here than elsewhere."

AND speaking of farm income, *The New England Homestead*, a Springfield farm weekly, quotes L. J. Taber, Master of the National Grange, as declaring that New England farmers "are better off than in any other section of the nation." And editorially *The Homestead* quite agrees with Mr. Taber.

The editor of the Lynn *Telegram News*, also in Massachusetts, finds it quite apparent that, while conditions are not normal, "we are not faced with the problems of unemployment and starvation that exist in other portions of the country." In Connecticut the New Haven *Register* discovers "striking evidence of a returning prosperity in New England, and particularly Connecticut industry"—while in New Haven "the feeling of confusion seems to be giving way to one of confidence." "New England Forging Ahead" is the title of a Woonsocket *Call* editorial that indicates accurately enough the position of that newspaper, which by the way reports definite improvement during the past year in its own locality.

IN Vermont the Rutland *Herald* testifies to a "comparatively favorable revival of business in New England" and particularly in its own city. In New Hampshire the editor of the Keene *Sentinel* feels certain that one will hear less pessimism in New England than in many other sections. In the same State the Nashua *Telegraph* believes that a definite pick-up of about 20 per cent. since last spring in its own locality reflects a condition fairly typical of surrounding communities. In Augusta, Maine, *The Kennebec Journal* quotes with approval the statement of President Wyman of the Central Maine Power Company: "While the country as a whole is expecting a hard winter, with difficult business conditions, at the present time our outlook is good."

Some of the most definite testimony to the same effect comes from the Boston Chamber of Commerce which has been making inquiries, and in three days discovered forty-four important

## New England's Business Record

### As Shown in Figures Prepared by the New England Council

It should be noted that nearly every one of these business indexes shows New England dropping back less than the rest of the country both in 1930 as compared with 1929, and in 1931 as compared with 1930.

INDEXES IN 1930

| | *Per Cent. Change 1930 as Compared With 1929* | |
|---|---|---|
| | *New England* | *United States exclusive of New England* |
| Building Contracts Awarded | −11.0 | −22.4 |
| Department Store Sales | − 5.0 | − 7.0* |
| Bank Debits | −18.9 | −29.9 |
| Savings Deposits | + 2.4 | + 0.7 |
| Savings per capita | + 3.7 | − 1.5 |
| Farm Value 75 Representative Crops | −22.8 | −27.7* |
| Business Failures (number) | + 8.3 | +15.9 |
| Car-loadings | −13.3 | −13.1 |
| Net Railway Operating Income | −19.9 | −30.6* |
| Shoe Production | −14.7 | −16.4 |
| Cotton Consumption | −32.2 | −21.5 |
| Wool Consumption | −23.2 | −30.2 |

*Includes New England.

INDEXES IN 1931

| | *Per Cent. Change first Six Months 1931 as Compared With 1930* | |
|---|---|---|
| | *New England* | *United States exclusive of New England* |
| Building Contracts Awarded | −11.4 | −33.0 |
| Department Store Sales | − 7.0 | − 9.0* |
| Bank Debits | −22.6 | −27.2 |
| Business Failures (number) | − 5.6 | +11.7 |
| Car-loadings | −13.3 | −18.8 |
| Shoe Production (5 months) | + 7.9 | − 2.5 |
| Cotton Consumption | − 7.0 | − 5.8 |
| Wool Consumption | +20.9 | +10.5 |
| Life Insurance Sales | − 6.0 | −16.0 |

*Includes New England.



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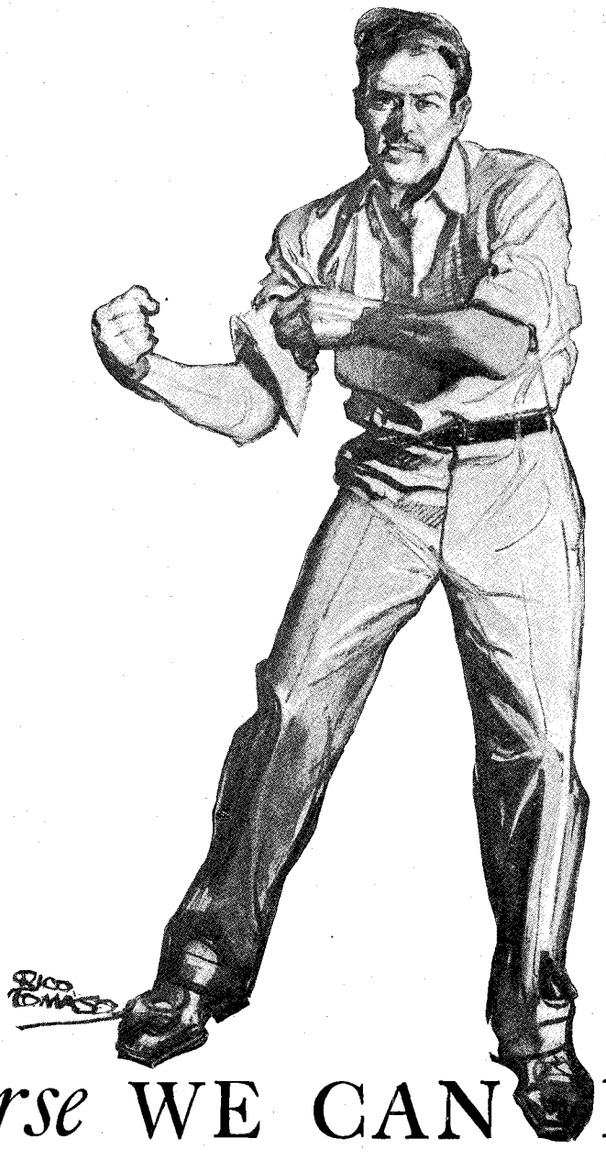

# Of *course* WE CAN DO IT!

● We dug the Panama Canal, didn't we? And they said we couldn't do that.

● We put an army in France four months after we entered the World War, didn't we? And surprised the world.

● Now we've got a tough one to crack right here in our own back yard.

Men are out of work. Our men. Our neighbors. Our citizens. Honest, hard-working folk.

They want jobs. They're eager to work. But there aren't jobs enough to go 'round. Somebody's got to tide them over.

Who's going to do it? The people who dug that ditch. The people who went to France, or bought Liberty Bonds, or went without sugar—Mr. and Mrs. John K. American.

That means you—and *you*—and Y O U!—every one of us who is lucky enough to have a job.

We're going to share our luck with the folks out of work, aren't we? Remember—there's no National fund they can turn to for relief. It's up to us! And we've got to dig deeper than we did last winter.

But if we all dig deep enough we can keep a roof over every head, food in every pantry, fuel on every fire, and warm clothing on every needy man, woman and child in America.

That will beat Old Man Depression and lead the way to better days. Can we do it? Of course we can do it. Give . . . and give generously.

WHERE TO GIVE: There is no National Agency through which you may contribute. The way for you to give is through your *local* welfare and relief organizations, through your Community Chest or through your emergency unemployment committee if you have one.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Walter S. Gifford *Director*
(WALTER S. GIFFORD)

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Owen D. Young *Chairman*
(OWEN D. YOUNG)

● The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political, and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

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New England industrial concerns that were actually "licking the depression." The Chamber's publication, *Boston Business*, prints a large number of excerpts from the replies. All in all, the responses, says the editor of this publication, "indicate New England business is going ahead faster than we dared hope." The spirit embodied in these responses, we read on, "leaves no doubt that these firms are going to lick the depression, and so is New England as a whole."

THE New England Council, an all-New England organization for business cooperation, development and improvement, has been gathering statistics showing New England to be in many respects less adversely affected than the average for the country as a whole during the present depression. Some of these figures are reprinted on the preceding page. President Harry C. Knight of this organization gives his explanation of New England's position in an International News Service interview sent out from Boston. Mr. Knight attributes it to such things as sound banks, industrial diversity, self-restraining agriculture, cooperative action in coping with community problems, research, market analysis, and aggressive merchandizing. He says in part:

New England's banks have been conspicuous for their soundness.

New England's industrial diversity—within the six States are 217 of the 348 lines of industry classified by the United States Department of Commerce—and her self-sustaining agriculture serve to cushion this section against economic shocks.

In addition this region is better organized than most others to cope with the problems typical of times such as these. New England has learned the value of cooperative action in facing problems common to all. The New England Council and its activities constitute one illustration of the way in which New England has organized to define her economic problems, find solutions, and apply remedies.

There is little doubt that through cooperative activity New England had cleared up many of her post-war maladjustments before the beginning of the depression in 1929.

Of major importance also is the increasing realization by New England manufacturers of the importance of research, market analysis, and aggressive merchandising in the development of their businesses. With these tools they are keeping their volume of business at a relatively high level for times such as these, and are ready to take advantage of every important improvement in general conditions.

OF course New England editors have been devoting attention to the "why" of New England's comparatively favorable position. The Boston *Herald* thinks too little attention is given to the large number of small industrial units in New England—"as a rule the smaller firm is more flexible than the large, and can adapt itself more quickly and with less trouble to new requirements than its large competitors."

The Woonsocket *Call* thinks that there should be nothing surprizing to any one—

New England has always been noted for that Yankee perseverance and ingenuity which laid the foundations for this great republic.

Nowhere in the country are there more modern factories and mills, and nowhere can more skilled labor be found to operate these plants. The brains which created them and are keeping them in operation are New England brains.

Our people as a whole refuse to be pessimistic, no matter how dark the clouds of adversity are painted. We have preserved the old-time optimism of our forefathers, for we know that they weathered worse storms than those of business depression.

The practical point that "New England's good position this year is due to shoes and woolens and worsteds going so well" is made by the textile and financial editor of the New Bedford *Standard*. Other editorials which lack of space forbids our quoting emphasize such matters as New England thrift, diversified agriculture, the kind of perseverance that was typical of the old-fashioned Yankee pedler, the climate, tourist patronage, the fact that since depression appeared earlier in New England it will naturally, in the Springfield *Republican's* phrase, "be New England's part to move forward again first."

And to close with a spokesman of New England agriculture, we find the *New England Homestead* saying:

In our judgment New England is ahead because she sticks closer to fundamentals.

She still believes in the old-fashioned doctrine that the good Lord helps those who help themselves.

## Effects of Currency Depreciation

WHAT IT MEANS TO A COUNTRY to have its currency depreciate is explained briefly in a current issue of *The Brookmire Forecaster*, published by the Brookmire Economic Service. The explanation, of course, is prompted by what happened in Britain.

It is noted that the far-reaching effects of the decline in value of any currency may be classified under five headings: (1) prices of commodities, equities, services, etc.; (2) bonds and fixt incomes; (3) foreign trade; (4) domestic trade; (5) various classes of population and types of business. As the effects are set down under these headings:

1. Prices. A depreciating currency implies a rise in domestic commodity prices of the country affected. Prices at wholesale rise first, especially in raw materials. This rise is followed by an advance in stock prices, in retail prices and, finally, in wages, rents and cost of living. These latter items lag considerably behind wholesale commodity prices.

2. Bond prices decline unless their payment in gold is specified. The basic reason is that the interest, being fixt in amount, declines in purchasing power as the cost of living advances.

3. Foreign trade. Exports are stimulated and imports curtailed by currency depreciation. Exports rise because prices do not increase in proportion to the depreciation of the currency, owing chiefly to the lag in wages. Hence, foreigners can buy goods more cheaply than before, notwithstanding the nominal rise in prices measured by the depreciated currency. Imports are curtailed because their cost advances in proportion to the decline in the currency on the foreign-exchange markets.

4. Internal trade. If there is a rapid rise in prices, industrial activity is stimulated; likewise, speculation in commodity markets. Distributive trade is hampered and all exchange disorganized in proportion to the amount and rapidity of the currency depreciation. Contracts of all kinds are made uncertain and their execution often rendered impossible. Working capital becomes impaired as funds are put into buildings, real estate, or other permanent form as rapidly as possible, to prevent loss from further depreciation. Gold, of course, commands a premium and disappears from circulation, being either exported or melted down as rapidly as it finds its way into private hands.

5. Effects on different classes of the population and different types of business.

(a) Persons with fixt or relatively fixt incomes, such as bondholders, government employees, etc., obviously suffer in proportion as the cost of living rises.

(b) Farmers, more than any other class, are temporarily helped. As producers of commodities, their selling prices rise as the first result of a decline in the value of the currency. The value of their land accordingly begins to rise. Furthermore, farmers represent the chief debtor class. Since their income as producers of commodities rises, while their interest charges remain fixt, the burden obviously declines. In addition, farmers are heavy taxpayers, usually paying a larger proportion of their net income than any other class in the community. Taxes remaining relatively stable, the burden declines. The agrarians in all countries and all periods are always the great agitators for inflation and cheap money, meaning by "cheap money" a currency of decreasing intrinsic value.

(c) Labor is influenced both favorably and unfavorably. On the one hand, the cost of living is likely to rise faster than wage rates. On the other hand, employment will probably be increased. The latter ordinarily outweighs the former if the inflation is not too violent, and makes labor favorably disposed to "cheap" money, tho rather fearful of it.

(d) Manufacturing and mining industries, except gold production, are stimulated, especially those with heavy wage costs and producing for export. The reason is that selling prices tend to rise faster than wages, thereby increasing their operating profits and reducing the relative burden of their fixt charges. Railroads and public utilities, on the other hand, are hurt by inflation. Their rates being relatively fixt, whereas their costs of operation increase, their profits are infringed upon and the relative burden of their fixt charges is augmented.

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# The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

**A Psychologist.**—"Have you anything to ask before I pass sentence upon you?"

"Yes, your honor, I should like you to have your lunch first."—*Tit-Bits.*

**Friend of the Ready Guffaw.**—STOCKETT—"He who laughs last laughs best."

SELLERS—"Yeah, but he soon gets a reputation for being dumb."—*Pathfinder.*

**Aquatic Adventure.**—A cat fell into a milk can at a London station last week, but was fortunately rescued by a porter from a watery grave.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

**Ticklish Point of Etiquette.**—Among the things which Emily Post forgot to mention—the tactful way of asking a gangster's daughter to go out for a ride.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

**Hark! the Angels.**—The latest type of motor-horn, we are told, reproduces the notes of a harp. This is a really subtle method of warning pedestrians to get out of the way.—*The Humorist.*

**A Better Fly Than a Butterfly.**—In order to locate his ball when it goes into the rough, a California golfer soaks it in a chemical solution which attracts butterflies. A better plan would be to soak the ball with accuracy.—*Boston Transcript.*

**A Nod's as Good as a Wink.**—The Mayor of Los Angeles, hero of the incident at Havre, has sent each of his fellow travelers a bottle of California spring water. With the usual warning, we expect, not to leave a wine brick in it for fifteen days.—*Detroit News.*

**Endless Chain.**—FATHER (at son's twenty-first birthday party)—"You are of age now and you ought to help me a little."

SON—"Yes, dad, what can I do for you?"

FATHER—"You might pay the last three instalments on your baby perambulator."—*Exchange.*

**Perfect Technique.**—"Got any references?" asked the plumber.

"Yes," replied the applicant for the assistant's position, "but I've left 'em at home—I'll go and get them."

"Never mind, you'll do."—*New York Watchman-Examiner.*

**Put St. Peter at the Gate.**—"We'll have to get the whole force to handle the crowds to-day."

"Parade? Convention?"

"Neither. The president of the ball club has advertised for an office boy."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**It's Smith's Move.**—JONES—"Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

SMITH—"That's all right, my dog ate your hen."

JONES—"Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."—*Boston Transcript.*

## Slips That Pass in the Night

**Sauce Piquante.**—Sauerkraut can be cooked in casserole with alternate layers of needles.—*Amarillo* (*Tex.*) *Daily News.*

**Population Boost.**—
ANOTHER YOUNGSTER
APPEARS IN VIRGINIA
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**March of Human Betterment.**—Our "Eugenic Shaping" Shampoo and Finger Wave. $3
—*Ad in the Chicago Tribune.*

**For Hard Times, Yes.**—
PAMELA H——SWALLOWED 50c,
IS DOING WELL
—*Boulder* (*Col.*) *paper.*

**Any Cover Charge?**—
GOOD THINGS TO EAT
CONCRETE MIXER—Pony size, for hand or power, new; $28.00.—*Richmond Times Dispatch.*

**He Needed Sleep.**—One of the slugs narrowly missed killing Boyd as he lay asleep on his sleeping porch after hitting a concrete post and being deflected.—*Orlando* (*Fla.*) *Daily News.*

**Oriental Efficiency.**—The new provincial government with headquarters at Mukden is beginning to function with three departments—finance, industry and injustice.—*New York Times.*

**You Said It.**—
ASTOUNDING DRESS EVENT!
$3.95
150 Have Been Reduced From $5.95 to $12.95!—*Ad in the Oakland Calif. Tribune.*

**Rev. Dr. Alphabet Soup.**—His Holiness Abhinavasarasvati Vanmukharatnakosa Guruvarya Sri Vidwan Nadathur Swami Krishnamacharya is delivering lectures on Sanatanadharma.—*The Hindu* (*Madras, India*).

**Might Have Blown Away.**—An hysterical mother to-day asked police to search for her 141-year-old daughter who disappeared last night. She is five feet, three inches tall, and weighs eleven pounds.—*Buffalo Evening Times.*

**Really no Occasion.**—
RICHARD DIX WEDS
CALIFORNIA GIRL

SYMPATHY MESSAGE
SENT BY HOOVER
—*Boston Herald.*

**Cheerful Worker.**—There is one who is doing her share—Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Unlike many distresses of the White House she is directing her interests to the girls who will some day carry the torch of womanhood and motherhood.—*The Echo South Orange* (*N. J.*).

*Applied in the morning, Vapex keeps its strength many hours*

Colds
INSTANT RELIEF

IT'S EASY to catch colds. It's usually easy to relieve them if you use Vapex—the delightful inhalant—at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Quickly Vapex relieves distress, clears your head, opens up your nose. Just by the simple process of sprinkling it on your handkerchief or pillow and breathing the refreshing vapor.

Vapex was discovered by chance in England during the war. Then it kept workers in a laboratory free from influenza. Now it is used everywhere.

Sold at all druggists. In $1 bottles containing 100 applications. Be sure to ask for V-A-P-E-X. E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., New York, *Distributors of Medicinal Products Since* 1849.

**A few drops on your handkerchief**

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Breathe your cold away**

*Vapex on the pillow at night fights your cold while you sleep*

Tested and Approved 1893 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE


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# Will the voice of your business *rise above the din of* 1932?

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CLEAR-THINKING BUSINESS MEN OF AMERICA—*ELEVENTH OF A SERIES*

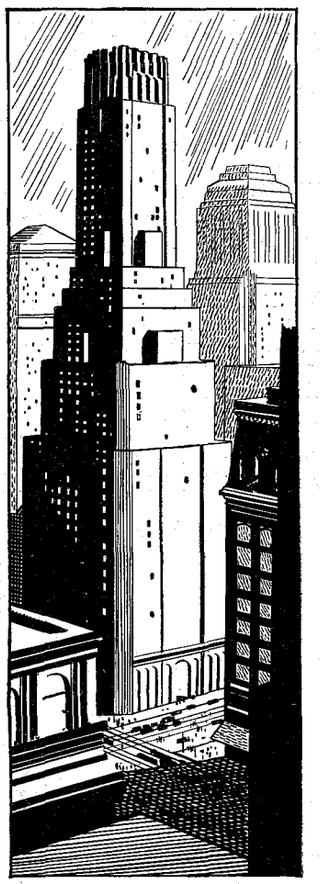
THE year just ahead will be a busy and noisy one. Think of the many changes brewing — in international relations, in domestic politics, in public and private finance, in the thought and activity of all the people.

Times of tension invariably raise the interest and value of *The Literary Digest*. Its impartially gathered information on topics of the day is a veritable fountain of knowledge to the serious, fact-hungry people who want to know both sides of every important question.

Next year, *The Digest* will be in the thick of historic happenings; with its accounts of the opening of Congress, debates on Debt Relations, the Presidential conflict — to mention only a few of the many real problems that only *The Digest* covers compactly, completely and fairly.

Can you think of a magazine more necessary in 1932 to families that intend to be informed and prepared!

Can you think of one more necessary to advertisers who intend to capitalize the sparking energy of an electric year!



*The Digest* enters the best million homes with telephones, a market that buys two-thirds of all advertised products — and buys them first. *The Digest* interests progressive people only, people of active mind, high standards and broad interests. It selects from our melting-pot millions the great, solid central class (made up of families much like your own).

Next year, when the tempo of events speeds up, *The Digest* will be more interesting and more vivid and more important to more such people than ever before. And next year with rising reading interest we lower advertising rates twenty-five per cent.

Now is the time to make plans and produce an inclusive, incisive advertising series in *The Digest* for 1932. *The Digest* keeps close to the life of the times, going to press only seven days before delivery — thus having the speed of a weekly newspaper, plus its power as the leading news magazine.

Keep your prospects as well posted as *The Digest* keeps its readers. Send them your very latest news, every week in the year, by special messenger!

*The Literary Digest* has shown that quality circulation does not necessarily come in small packages. Over 70% of its subscribers are executives, owners of businesses or professional people. *The Digest* reaches 36% of all families of $10,000 income and over, and 20% of all families making over $5000 a year. Its subscription list is a roster of ready buyers in the upper income brackets.

For 1932, advertisers buy a guaranteed average circulation of 1,400,000 preferred prospects, and pay 25% less than 1931.

## ★ The Literary Digest ★

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